

COOKIE

NO 24
APRIL-
MAY

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...

COZY LITTLE
PLACE, ISN'T
IT, COOKIE?





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



RESEARCH EXPERT SAYS:

AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC FORMULA (Contains no Alcohol) DESTROYS THESE HAIR-KILLING GERMS:

STAPHYLOCOCCUS
ALBUS



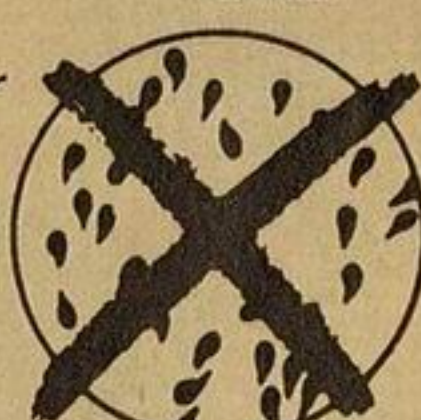
MOROCOCCUS



MICROBACILLUS



PITYROSPORUM
OVALE



NOTHING CAN DO MORE TO

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Look for these symptoms: ITCHY SCALP, DANDRUFF, UNPLEASANT HEAD ODORS, HEAD SCALES, HAIR LOSS. It may be nature's warning of approaching baldness. Be guided by NATURE'S WARNING. Do as thousands do: start using the NEW AND IMPROVED, AMAZING, SCIENTIFIC HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA (it contains no alcohol).

NEW FORMULA GIVES BETTER RESULTS

It kills quickly and efficiently millions of trouble-breeding bacteria. This new and improved HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA now kills safely and quickly ALL FOUR types of these destructive hair germs. Many medical authorities know that these hair-destroying germs are a significant cause of baldness. Do what science knows nothing better for you to do: KILL THESE GERMS, they may DESTROY your HAIR growth. Act now, mail coupon below and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense! No other formula known to science can do more to SAVE YOUR HAIR!

GET FIVE IMMEDIATE BENEFITS

- (1) Kill the four types of germs that may be retarding your normal hair growth.
- (2) Help stop scalp itch and burn.
- (3) Follow the instructions of the treatment and start enjoying healthful massaging action.
- (4) Helps bring hair-nourishing blood to scalp.
- (5) Helps remove ugly loose dandruff.

Don't wait till you get BALD! It's TOO LATE then. Remember, science knows no cure for baldness. The NEW AND IMPROVED HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA that contains no alcohol, helps keep your scalp (that may be sick) free of loose dandruff, seborrhea, and helps stop the hair loss they cause. With this formula your hair will appear thicker, more alive and attractive almost from the first time you use it.

SATISFIED USERS SAY:

Nothing I have ever used has done more for my hair. A. P., Trenton, N. J.

My friends remark how much better my hair looks after using your formula for only two weeks. Mr. A. L., Boston, Mass.

No hair expert I have ever gone to has done as much for me. H. T., New York City.

My scalp feels better, my hair looks better, my hair itch is gone; it's the only thing that ever helped my hair. H. H., Chicago, Ill.



MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the NEW AND IMPROVED HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA doesn't live up to your expectations, if you don't feel it's the best thing you ever did for your hair, if your hair and scalp doesn't appear improved, if you are not 100% delighted with it, if after using it for 10 days you don't see an improvement, return the unused portion and your money will be refunded in full. You have nothing to lose, you are the sole judge. SO DON'T DELAY, MAIL COUPON TODAY!

SENT ON APPROVAL!

HAIR RESEARCH CO., Dept. 53
1025 Broad Street
Newark, New Jersey

Rush one month's supply of your NEW AND IMPROVED AMAZING SCIENTIFIC HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA at once. I enclose \$2.00 cash, check or money order, ship prepaid. My money will be refunded if not satisfied.

Name

Address

City State

I understand if not delighted with the NEW AND IMPROVED HAIR FORMULA, I can return it after 10 days for full purchase price refund.

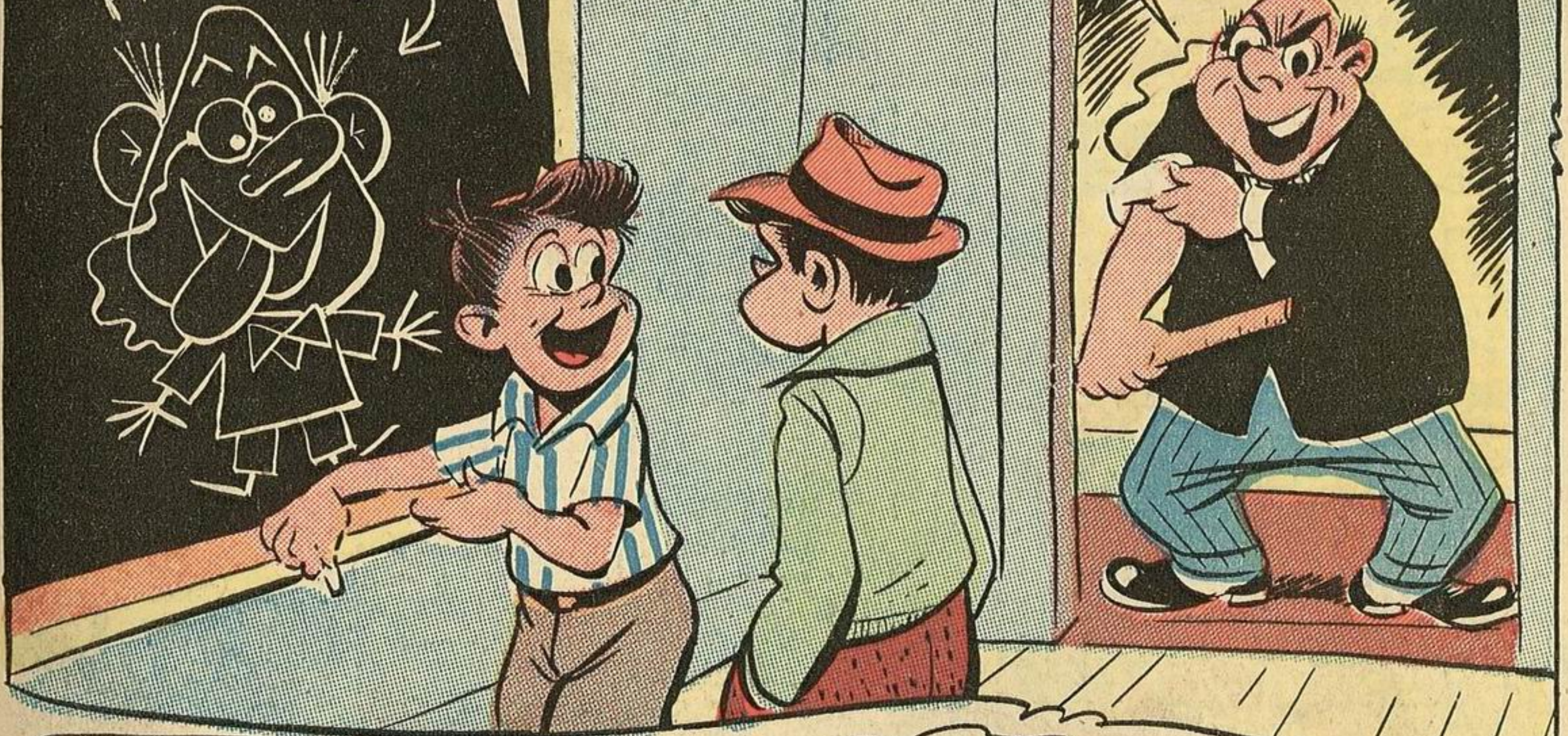
☐ I enclose \$5.00, send 3 months supply.

"COOKIE"

HA-HA! WOT DID MICHELANGELO HAVE THAT I HAVEN'T GOT?

FOR ONE THING, I HEAR HE HAD A LONG AND PRODUCTIVE LIFE! HA-HA!

OUR PRINCIPAL



SCHOOL AGAIN! WHOEVER INVENTED ---OH-OH! THERE'S MY TEACHER UP AHEAD!

GOTTA GIVE HER THE HAPPY HELLO, I GUESS... **GOOD MORNING, TEACHER!**

GOOD MORN... OH-HH!



SO YOU SAW MISS
BIBBLESNICKER AN'
SAID GOOD MORNING
... **SO WOT?**

SO THIS JALOPY PICKS
THAT SECOND TO GO
THROUGH A PUDDLE
AN' JUST ABOUT
DROWNS HER!

YA DUMB ROD!
WHY DON'T YA
LOOK WHERE
YOU'RE GOIN'?

HEY,
EASY!



WOT
THE...!



OH, **PEACHY!**...IT WASN'T BAD
ENOUGH THAT I SOAKED HER, BUT
NOW I'LL HAFTA WALK TO SCHOOL
AN' BE **LATE!**

JEEPERS!
I'M SORRY,
COOKIE!

PLOP!

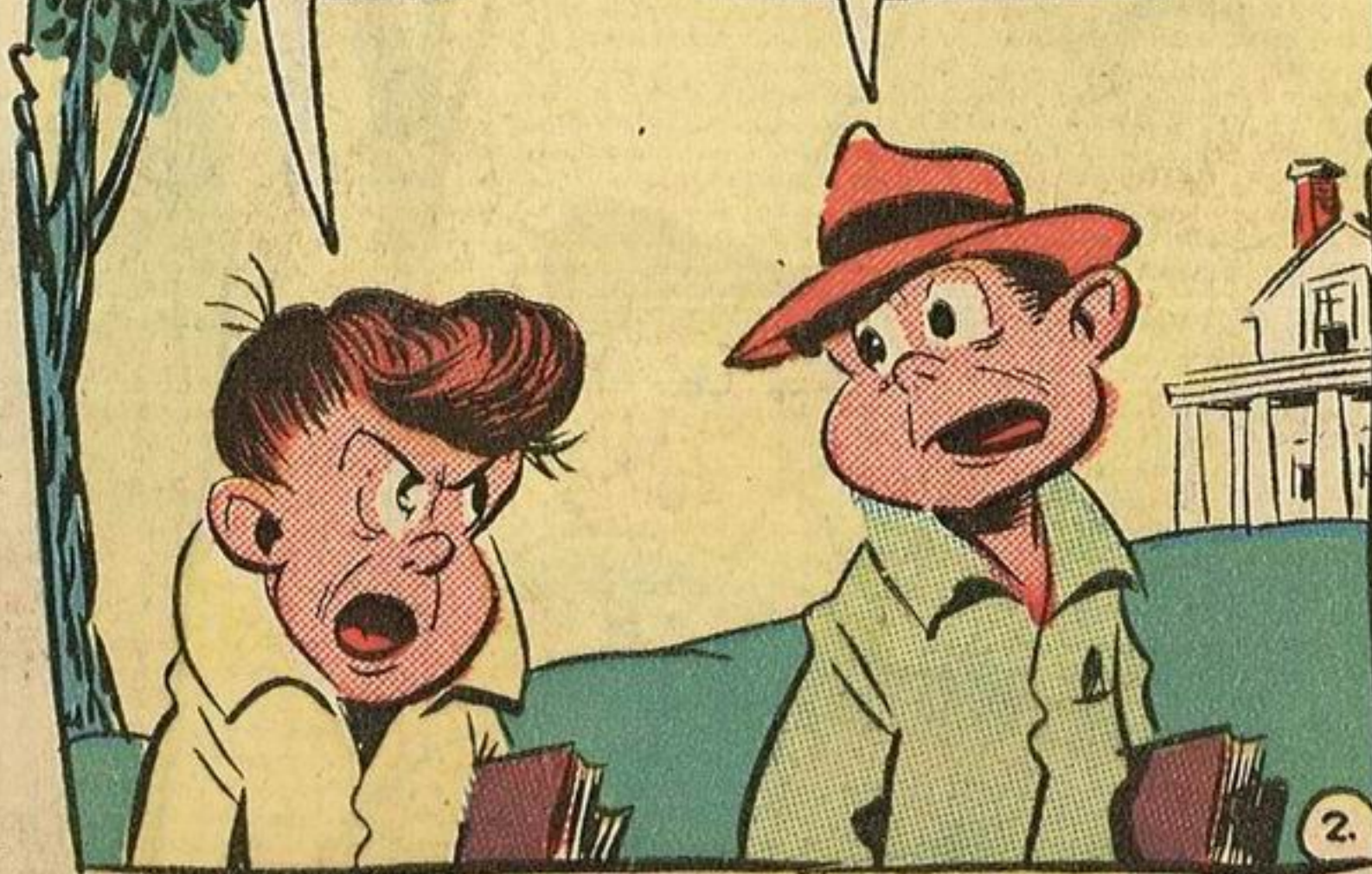
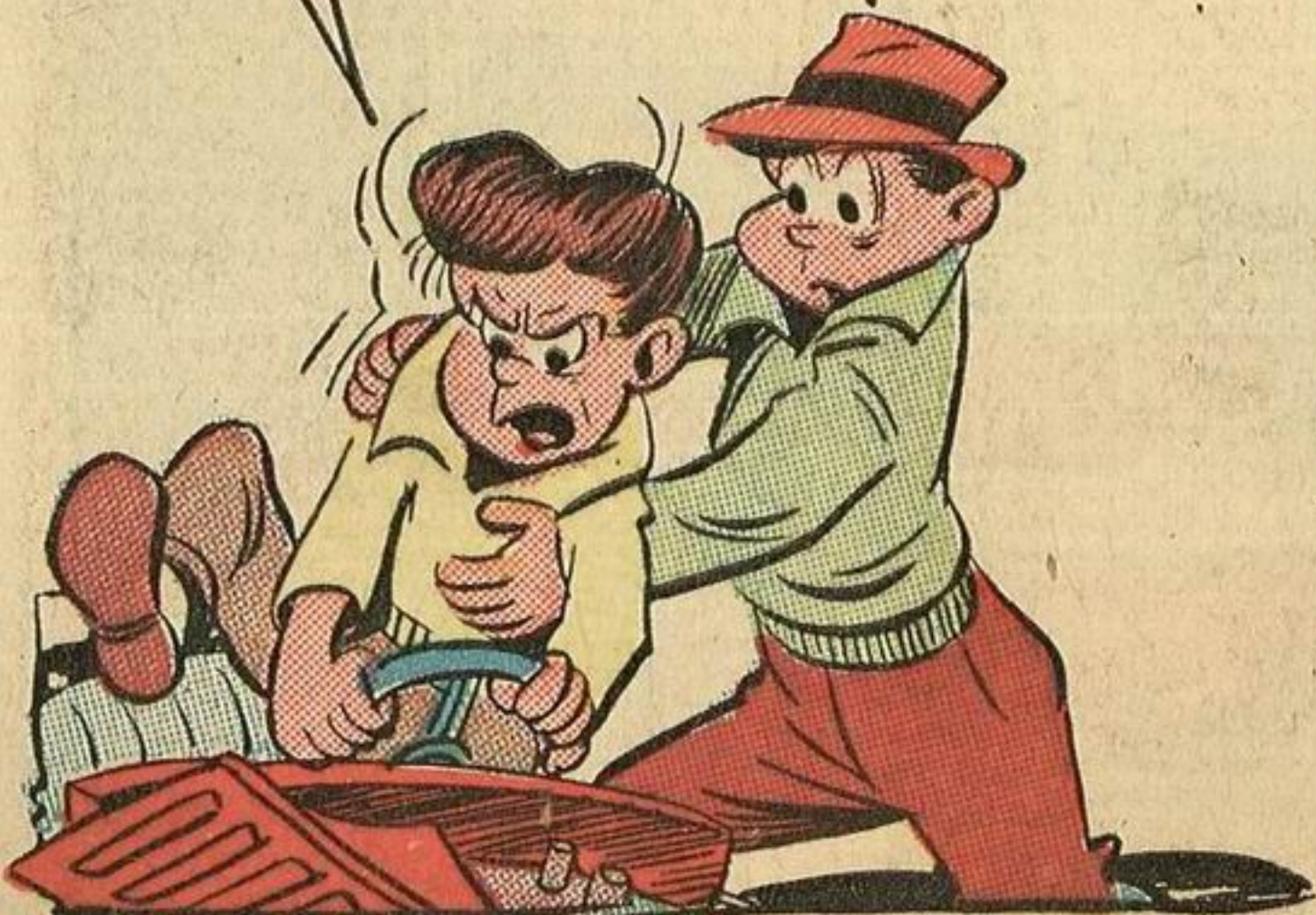


AW, FORGET IT,
JITTERBUCK...I
WAS MADE FOR
TROUBLE
ANYWAY!

HEY, LOOK! MAYBE IF YA
BROUGHT HER AN **APPLE**
OR SOMETHING...?

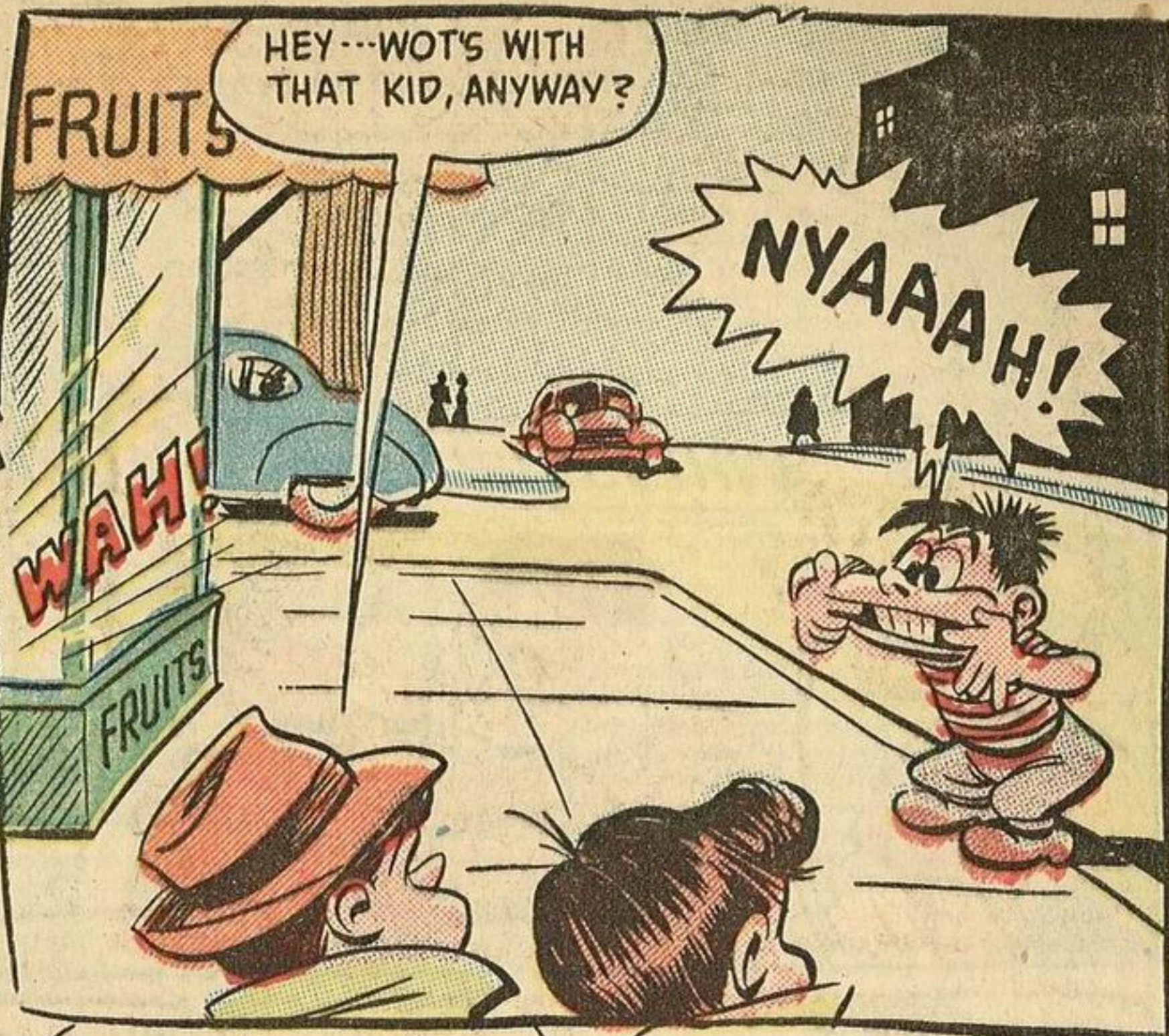
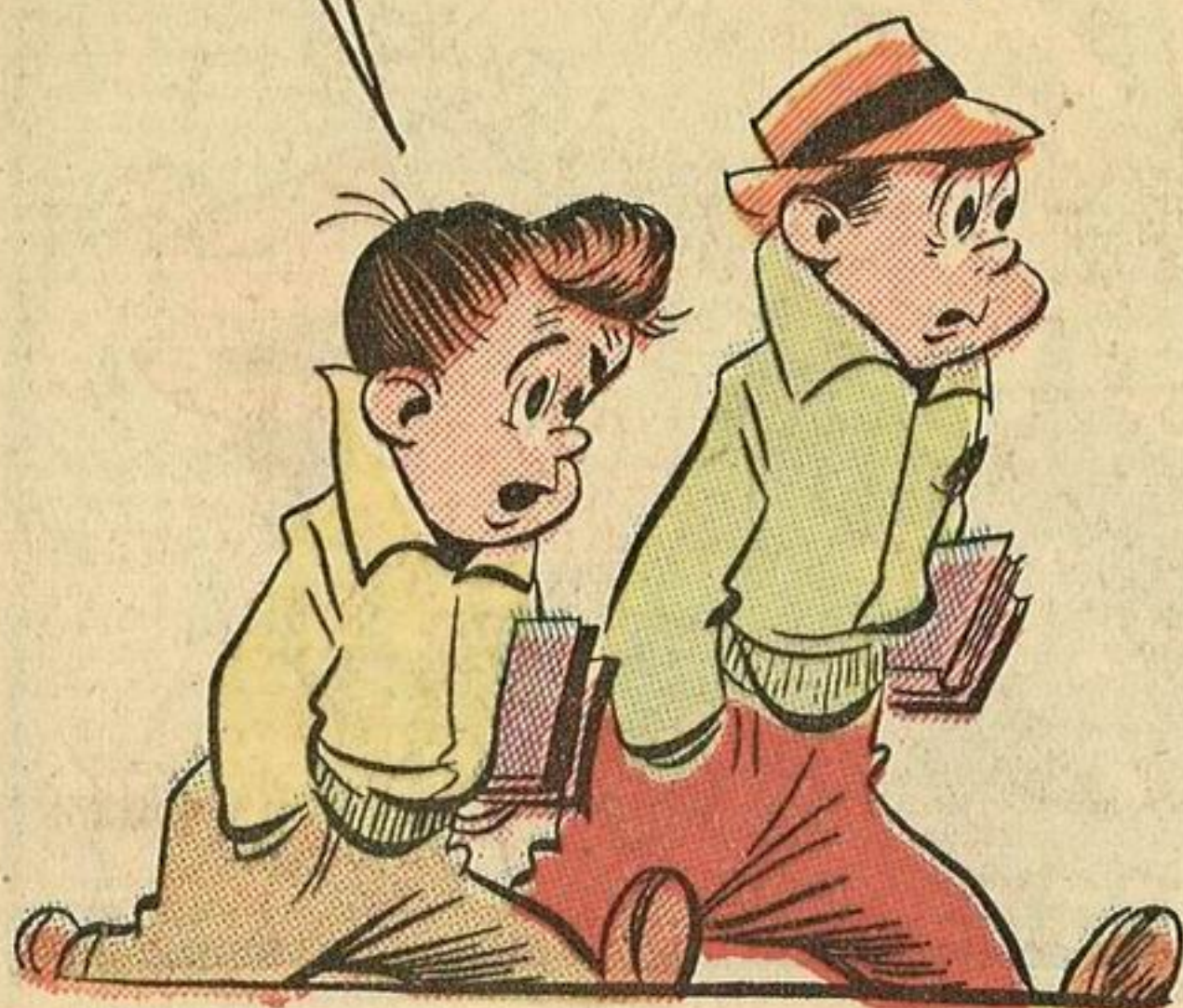
AN **APPLE**, HE
SEZ!...WHY, SHE'D
PROBABLY **HIT**
ME WITH IT...
OR SHOOT IT
OFF MY HEAD!

I DUNNO, KID! DAMES ARE
FUNNY ABOUT LITTLE PRESENTS
...AN' THERE MUST BE
SOMETHIN' TO THIS
APPLE STUFF YA HEAR
SO MUCH ABOUT!



YEAH, MAYBE --- BUT I'M
SO BROKE I COULDN'T
EVEN BUY A **GRAPE**
FOR HER!

TCH, TCH!
ME TOO!



GET OUTA HERE, YOU **BAD-A BOY!** YOU MAKE-A SILLY KISSERS
AN' SCARE-A MY BAMBINO!
SCRAM!

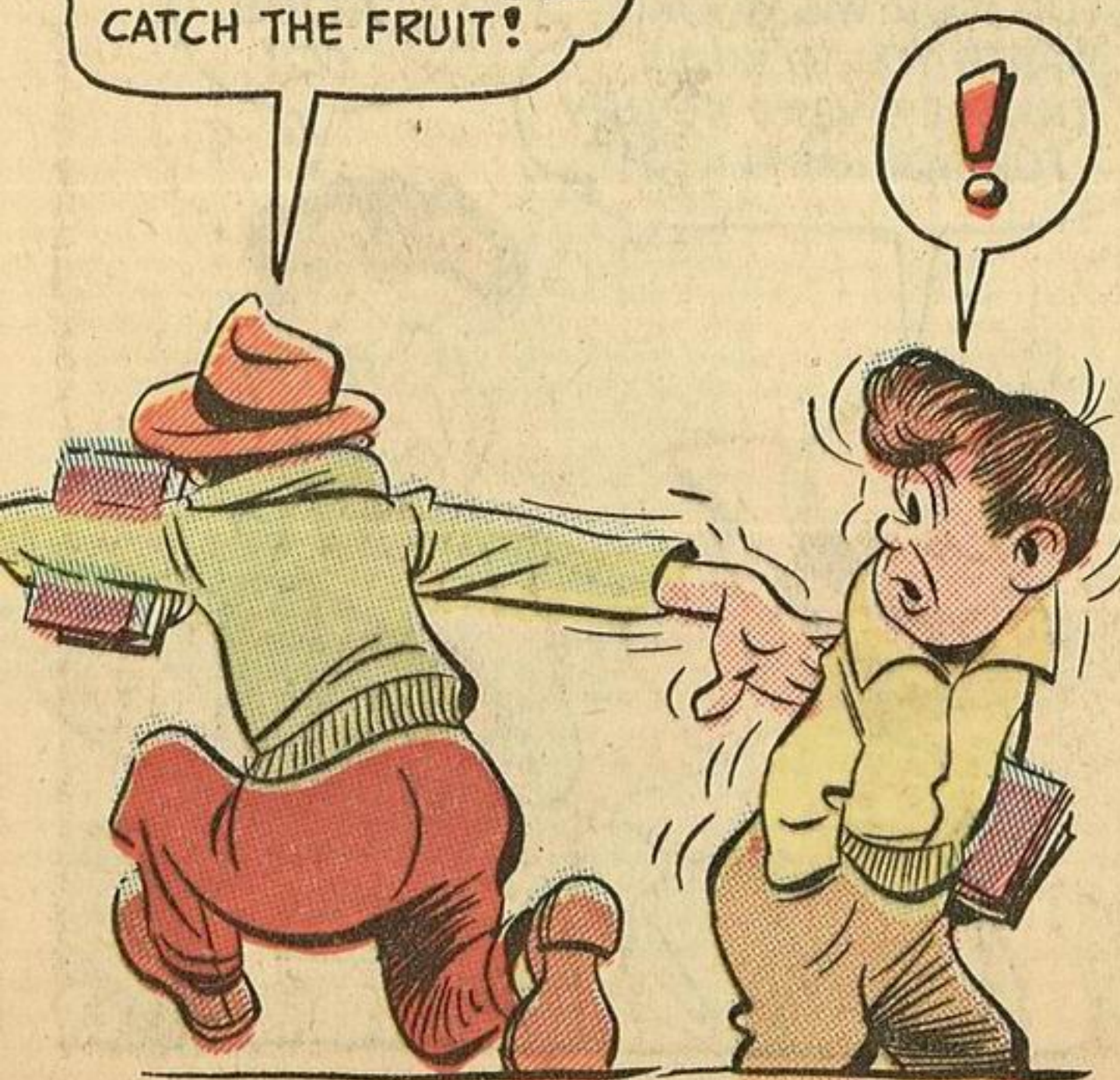


HA --- SMART KID, THAT!
HE CATCHES IT AN' GETS
A FREE APPLE!

YEAH --- HEY!
YOU NEED AN
APPLE!



QUICK! YOU MAKE
LIKE A ZOMBIE --- I'LL
CATCH THE FRUIT!





WELL, HE IS! AN' TO **PROVE** IT, HE WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO GET YOU A LITTLE **PRESENT** ...AS A SYMBOL OF HOW HE FEELS ABOUT YOU!

WHY, HOW **SWEET!**

SWEET IS THE WORD FOR IT! AN' SO ROUND AN' FIRM AN' FULLY PACKED! YESSIR, I'M SURE COOKIE FEELS THIS LITTLE GIFT IS THE EPITOME OF **YOUR-SELF**, MISS BIBBLESNICKER!

GO AHEAD, KID...**PRODUCE THE GIMMICK!**

TO THE **SWEET** THE SWEETS, I ALWAYS SAY ...TO THE...

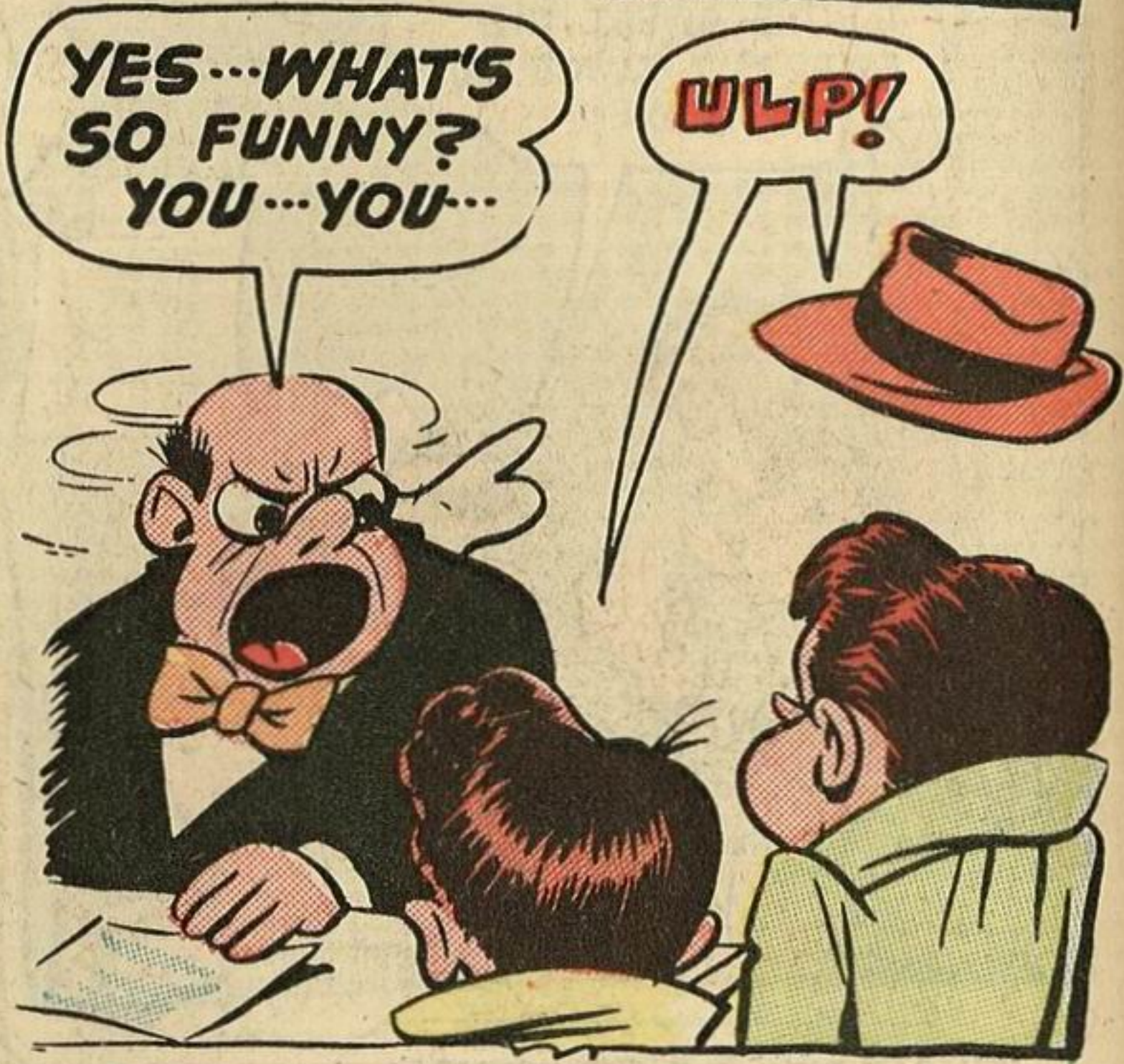
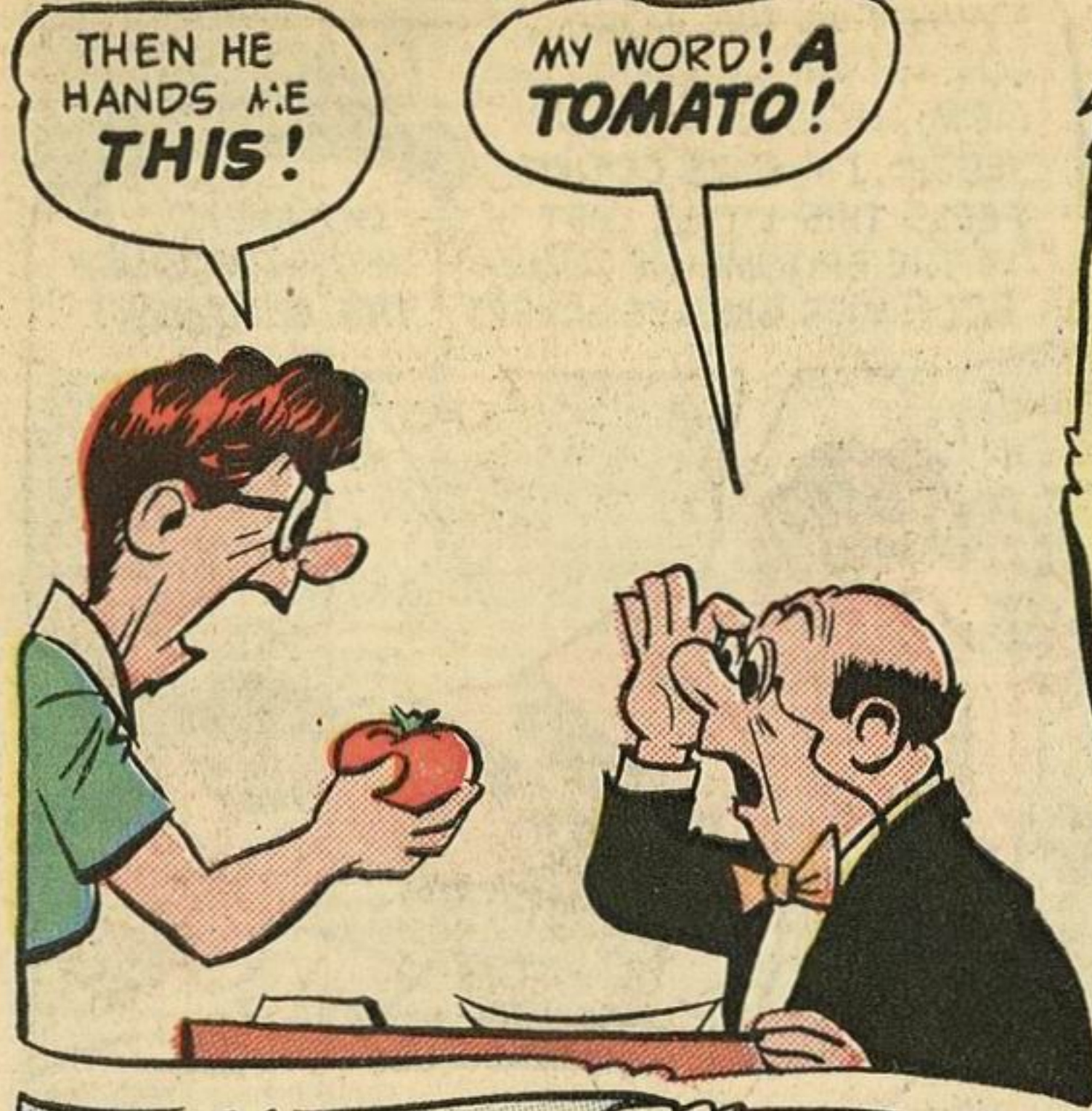
OH, YOU **DO**, DO YOU?

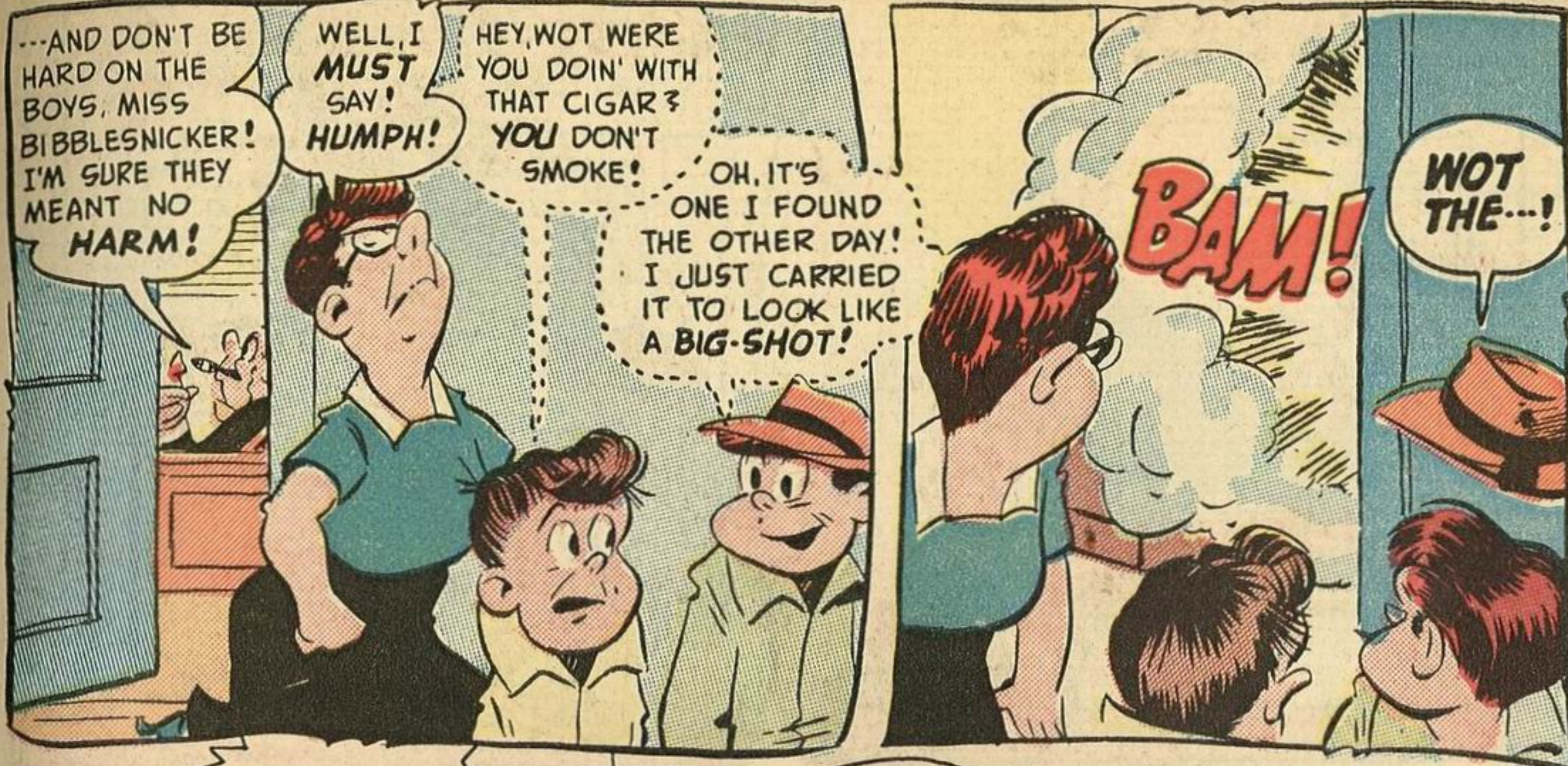
A TERMATER!

I THINK THE **PRINCIPAL** WILL BE INTERESTED IN THIS!

...AND THEN HE HAS THE NERVE TO SAY, "**TO THE SWEET, THE SWEETS...**!"

WELL, WHAT'S WRONG WITH **THAT?**





YOU NEVER KNEW I WAS ONCE
A CHAMPION SPEED SWIMMER...
HA-HA!



OH-OH... HE'S GONNA
HATE US FOR THAT!
LET'S GET GOIN'!



BLAM!

HOW **STUPID** OF ME! THIS IS
THURSDAY, AND WE **NEVER** HAVE
SWIMMING CLASSES ON THURSDAYS!
...I **HATE** MYSELF!



IS HE **STILL**
ABLE TO RUN?

IS A B-36 ABLE TO
FLY...? **WOW! LET'S
GO!**



THIS HALL'S A
DEAD END! WE'RE
TRAPPED!

QUICK, DUCK IN
THAT DOOR ON
THE RIGHT!

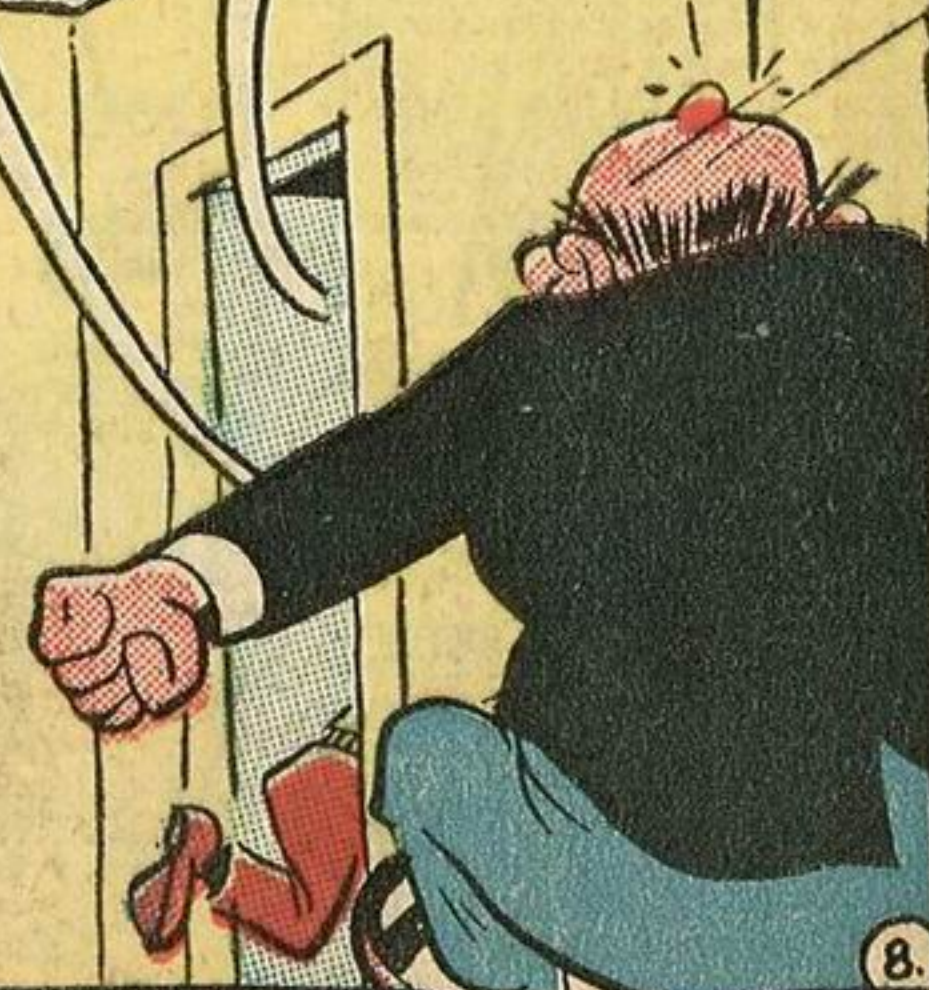
SEWING
CLASS

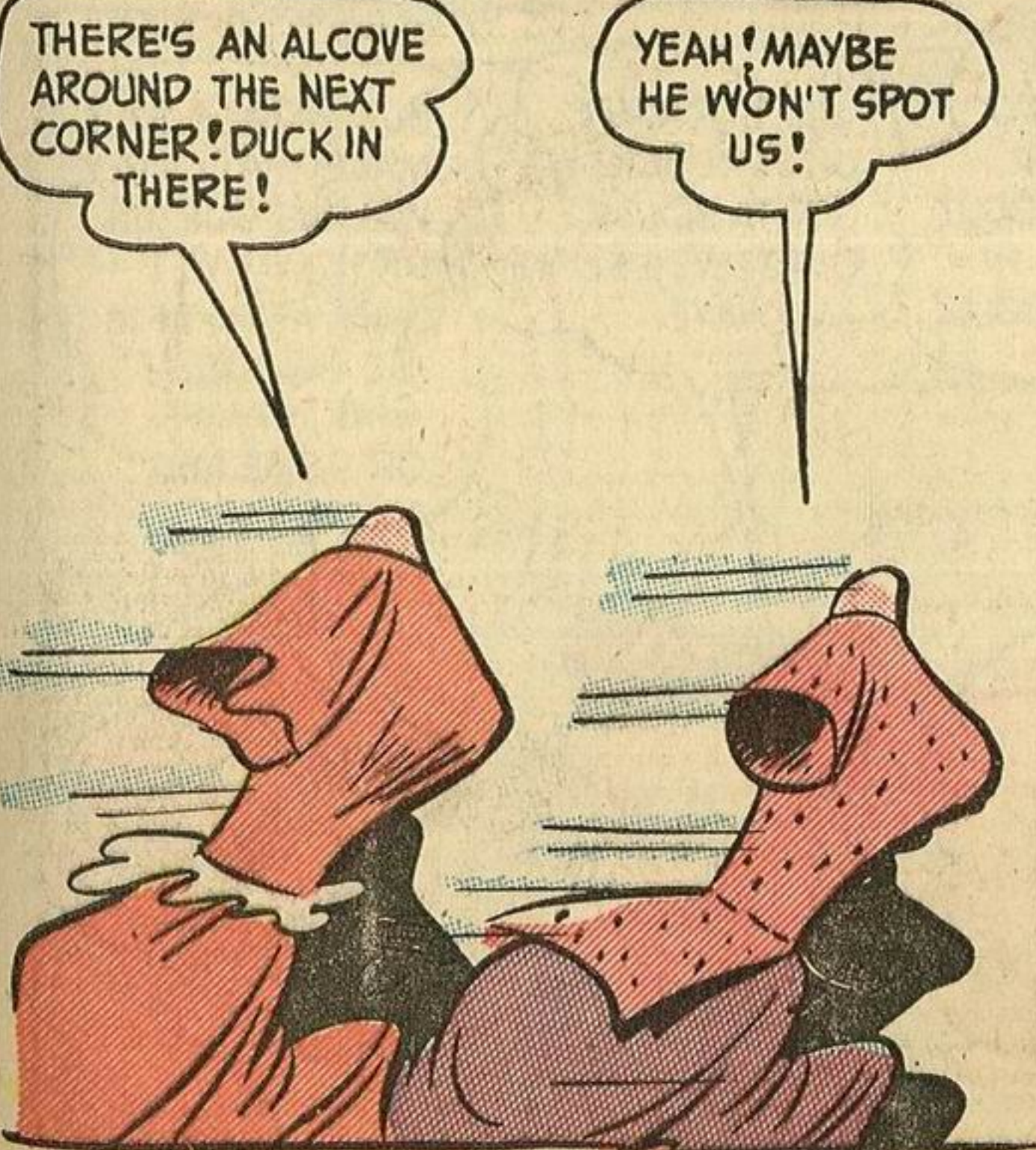


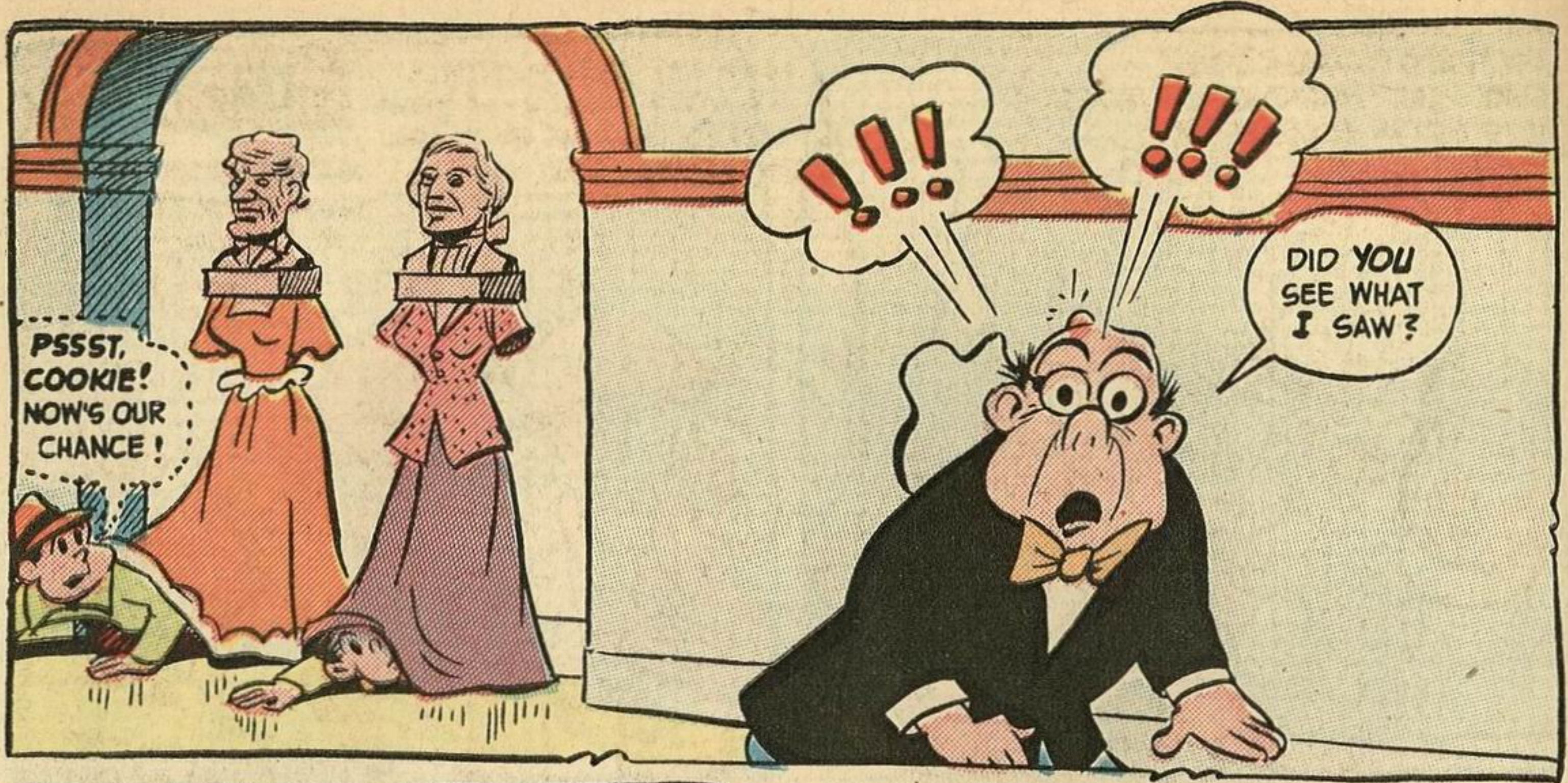
BUT THIS IS
A **SEWING
CLASS!**

**SO
WOT!**

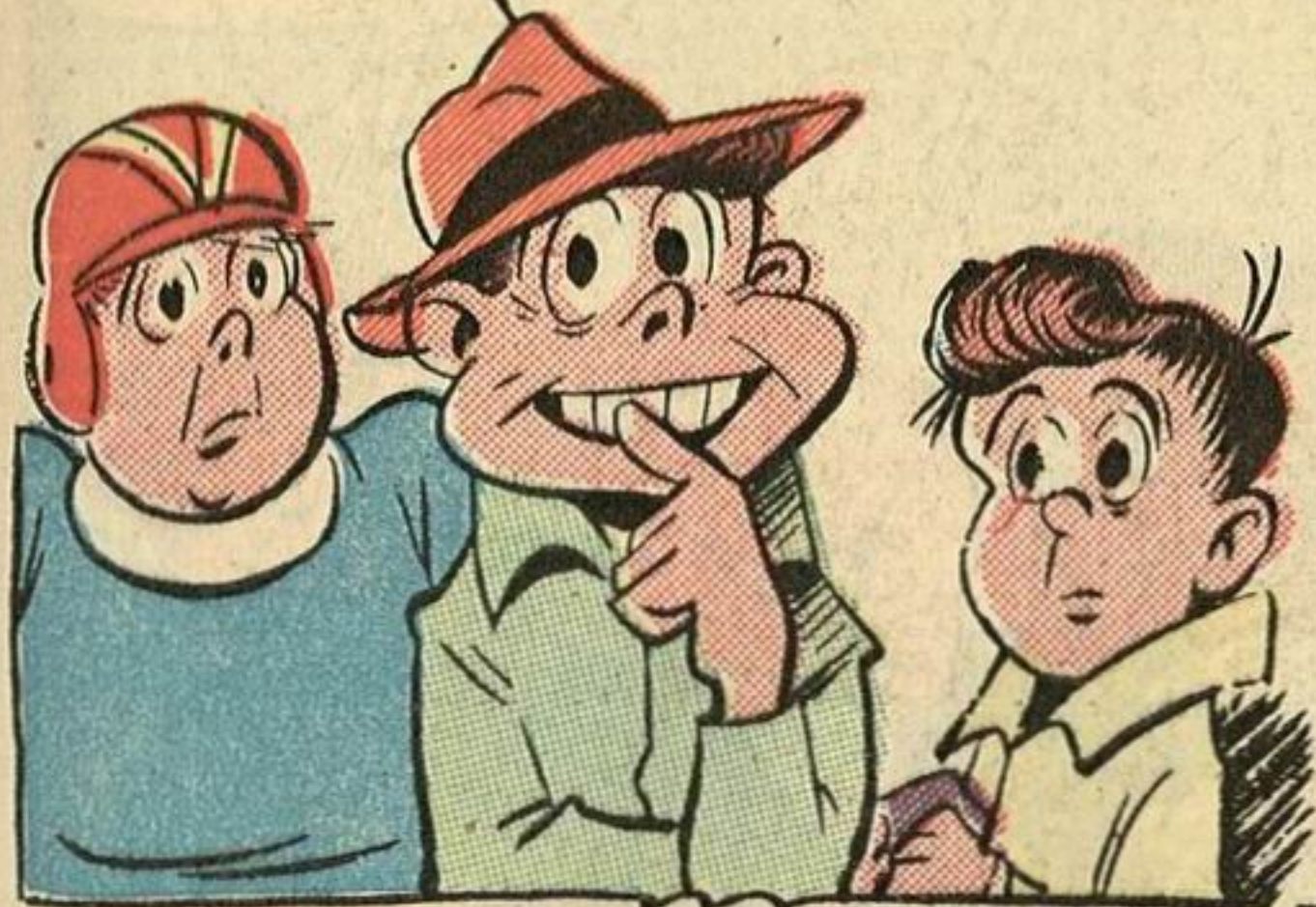
AHA!



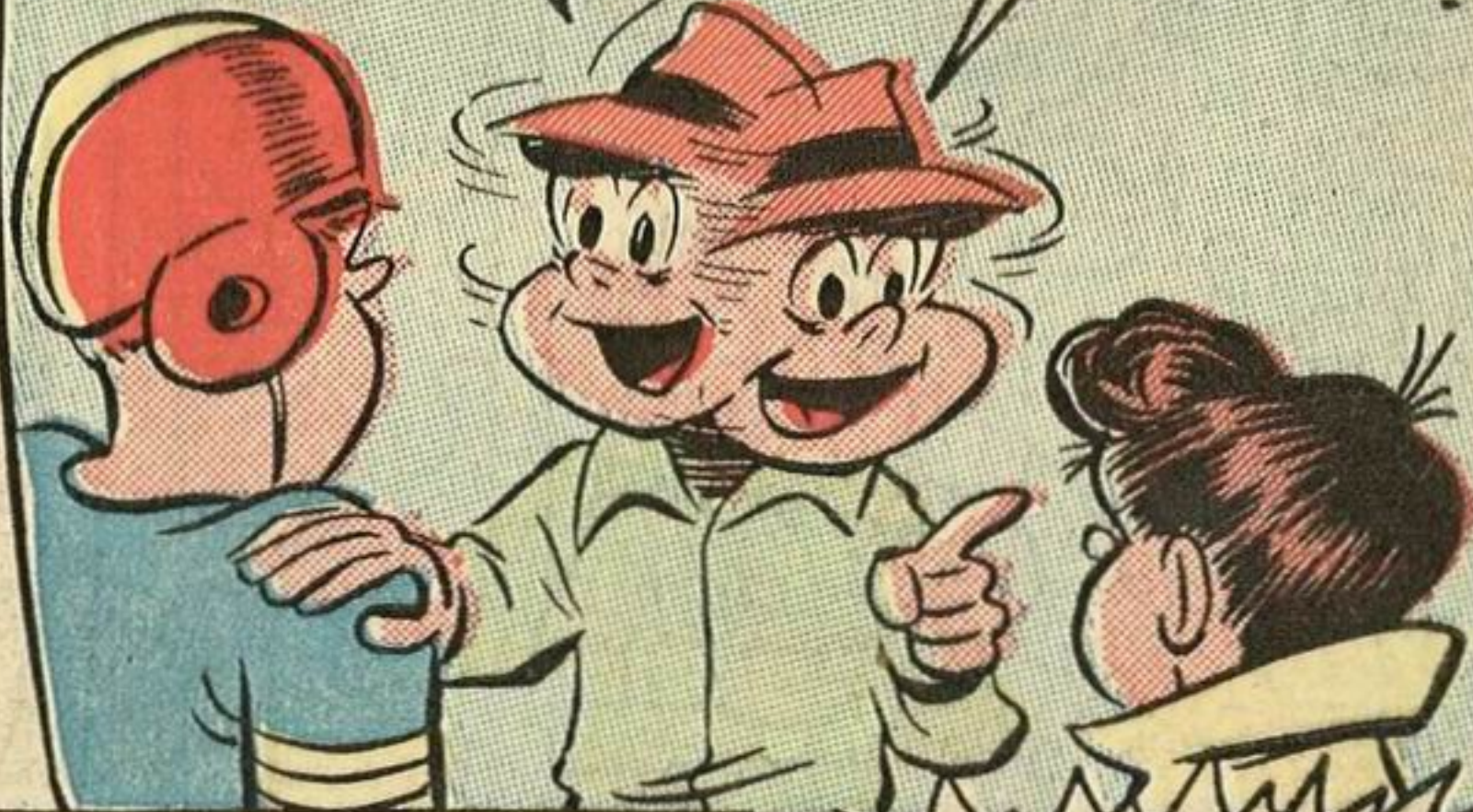




HEY, THAT'S IT... **HEROES!**...
SURE... BUT SYMPATHETIC HEROES!
HE'S GOTTA FEEL **SORRY**
FOR US!



LOOK, HEP, YOUR FOOTBALL
PRACTICE IS OVER... I WANT
YOU TO HELP US BY PLAYIN'
A **VILLAIN!**...



... **YOU, COOKIE, GO**
GET SOME CHARCOAL
OR CRAYON...
QUICK!

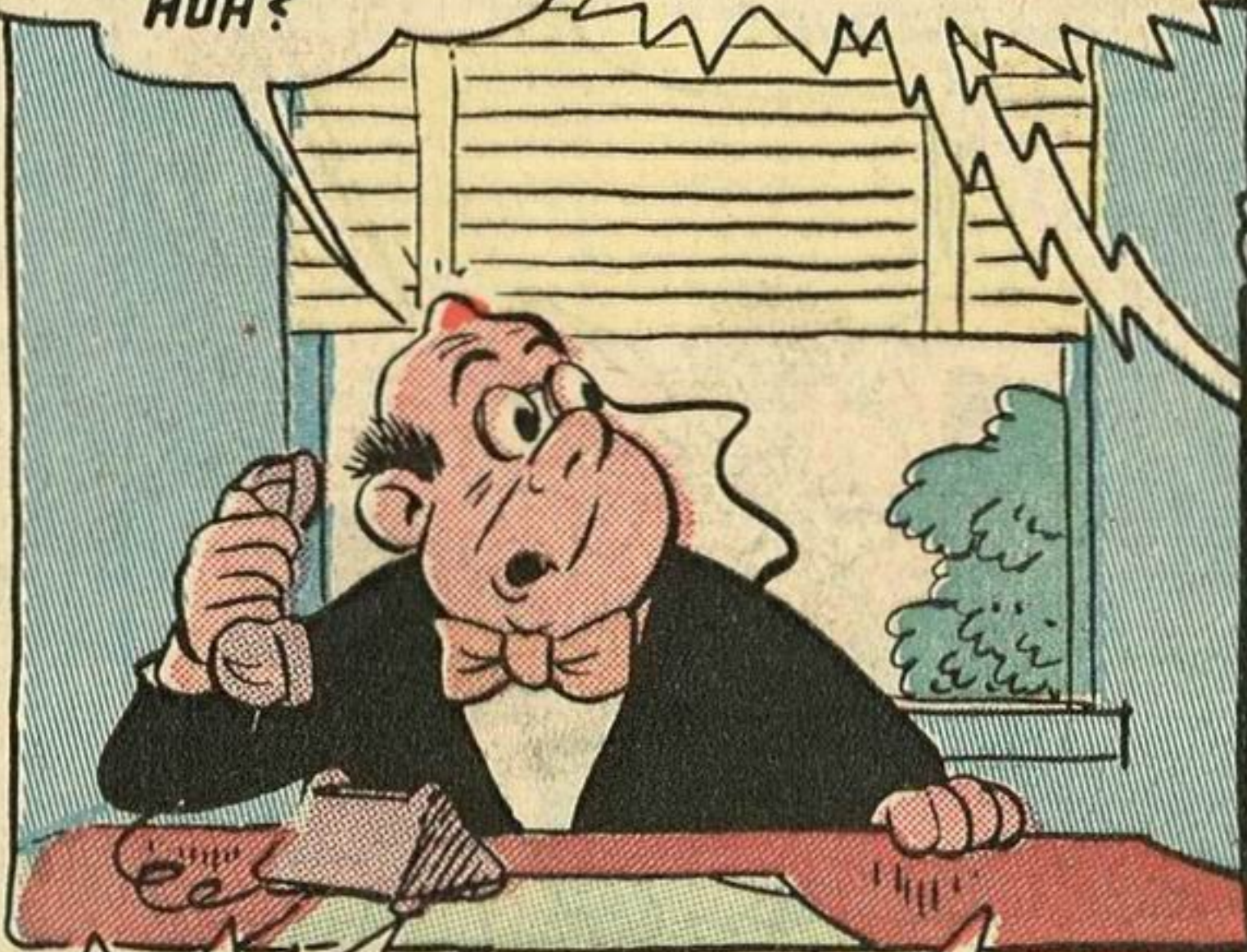
THERE!...NOW LISTEN, AN'
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE
EACH HAFTA DO!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

OPERATOR, I'M TRYING TO
GET THE POLICE DEPART...
HUH?

THAT'S NOT I SAID!
I'M GOIN' IN AN'
PUNCH YER PRINCIPAL
RIGHT IN THE NOSE!



OH, YEAH?
YOU WILL...
OVER MY
DEAD
BODY!

AN'
MINE,
TOO!

OKAY,
HAVE IT
YOUR WAY
...**THERE!**

SOCK!
BAM!
OW!



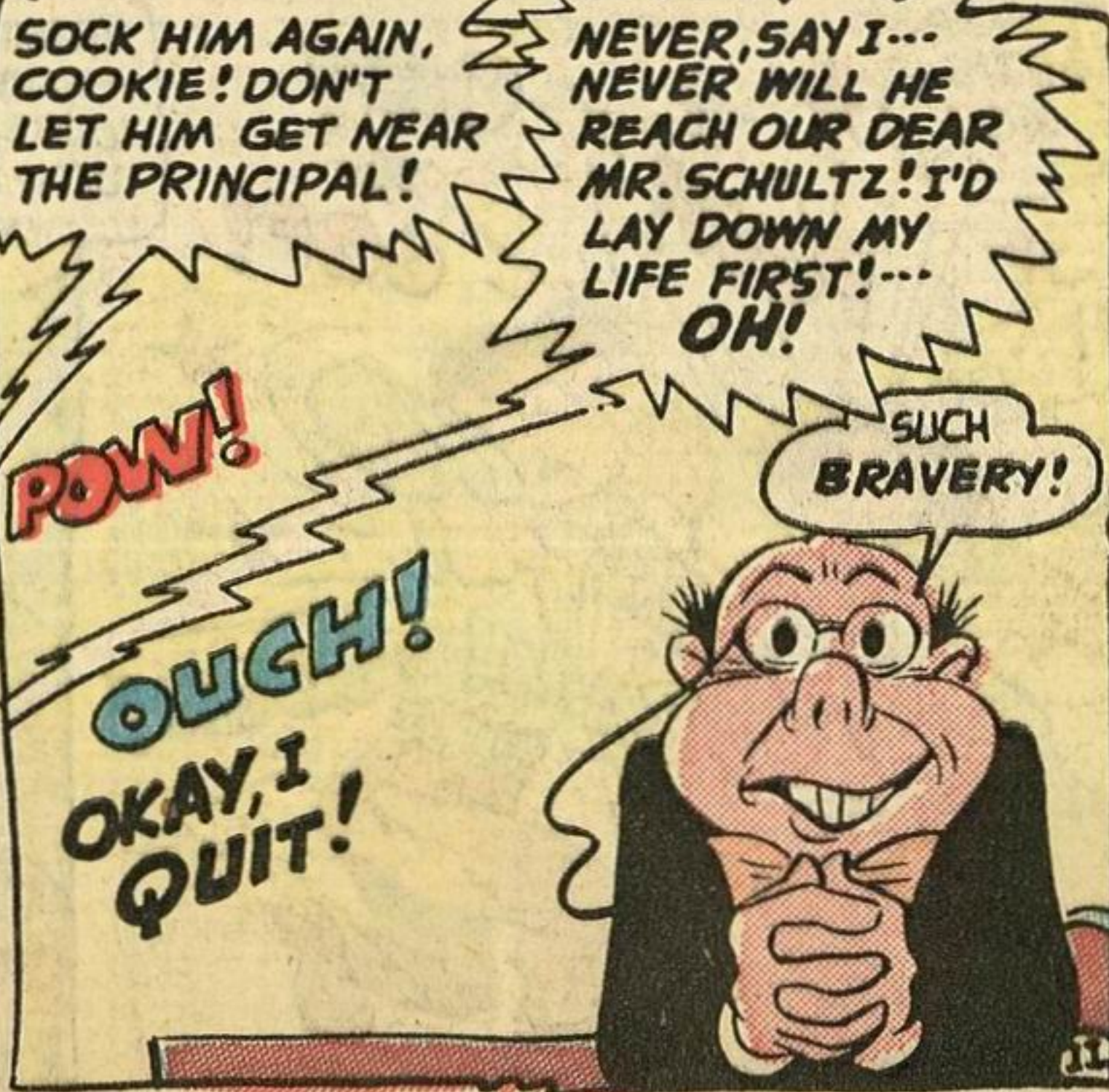
SOCK HIM AGAIN,
COOKIE! DON'T
LET HIM GET NEAR
THE PRINCIPAL!

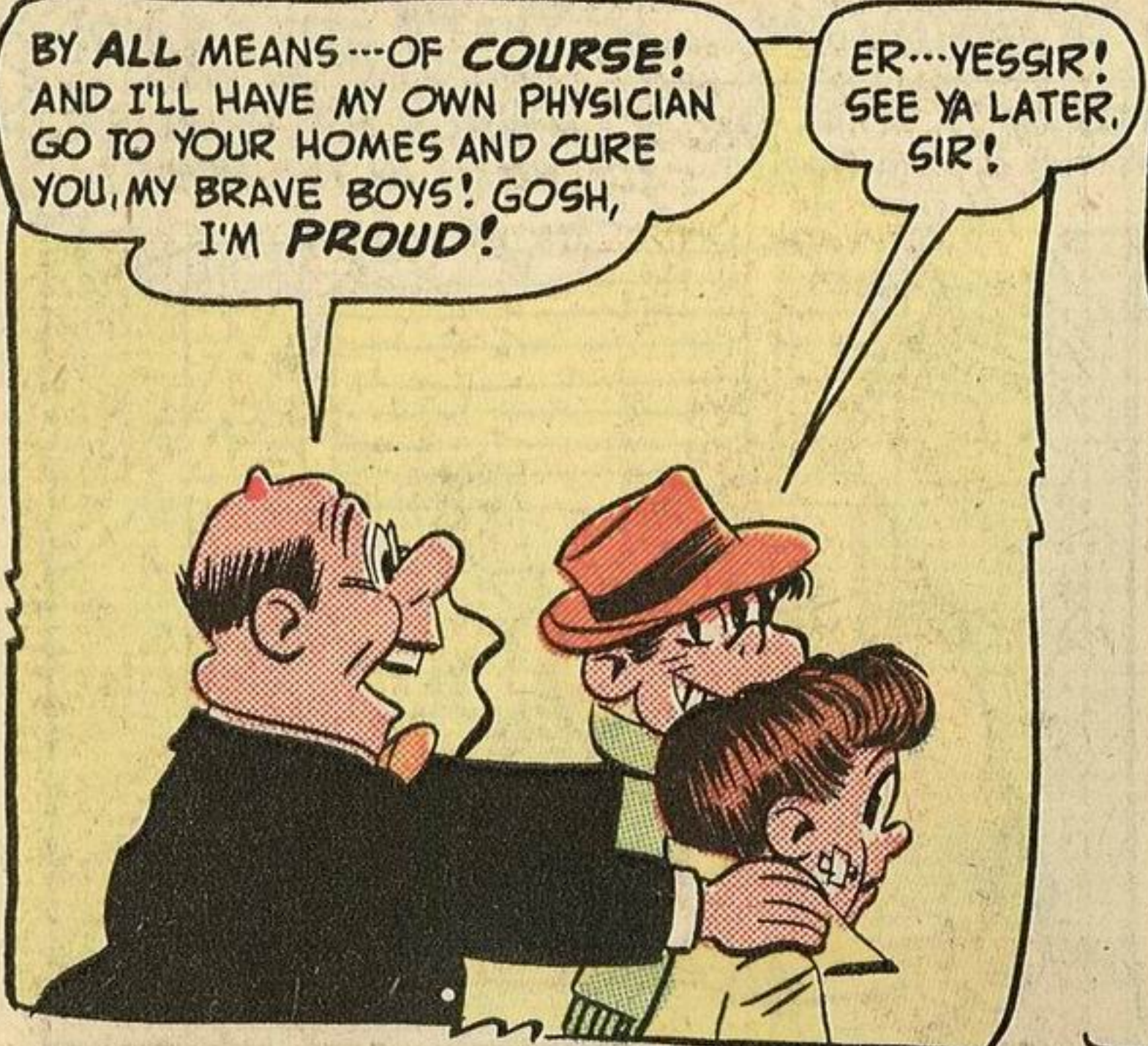
NEVER, SAY I...
NEVER WILL HE
REACH OUR DEAR
MR. SCHULTZ! I'D
LAY DOWN MY
LIFE FIRST!...
OH!

POW!

OUCH!
OKAY, I
QUIT!

SUCH
BRAVERY!





PEG

by AL HARLEY

MOTHER, I THINK MY ROOM NEEDS SOME STRAIGHTENING!

OH, REALLY?

ALL THESE BOOKS LYING AROUND MESS IT UP AWFULLY!



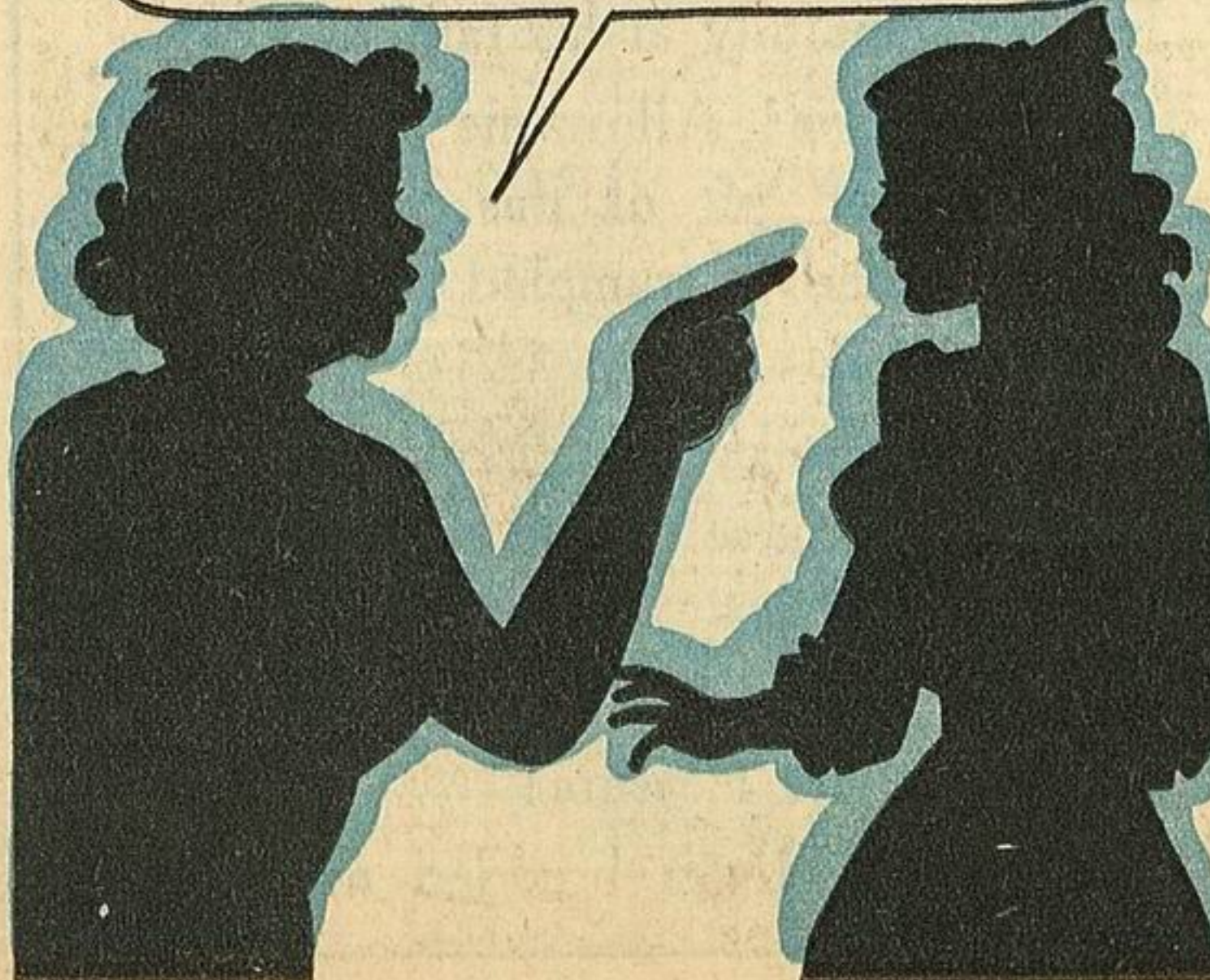
THERE'S A CUTE BOOKCASE FOR SALE AT FRANK'S FURNITURE SHOP!...



IT WOULD BE SIMPLY GROOVY IN THIS CORNER!



YOU'D BETTER JUST PUT THOSE BOOKS NEATLY IN THE CLOSET! I SAW THE BOOKCASE AND THE PRICE, TOO!



OH, GOLLY! THEN I MIGHT JUST AS WELL RETURN THE BOOKS TO THE LIBRARY!



A JONES *never* FORGETS

JITTERBUCK JONES sat brooding.

"One measly, skinny little buck!" he gritted. "A whole date with the girl of the hour depends on it and I can't promote it from my own father! Turned down on a loan by my own flesh-and-blood! Sometimes I feel like a fatherless child! A coupla alacks an' a big alas!"

Wallowing in misery, between sips on a coke and bites out of a skyscraper sandwich, Jit could see a corner of the living room from the kitchen door.

How could Pop read that newspaper so peacefully? Didn't he have his bankrupt son on his conscience? Ah, there was Mom, with the light of battle in her eyes!

"Dear," she was saying sweetly, "did you remember to mail my letter to mother this morning?"

Pop was gulping. Gosh, he looked guilty! "L . . . letter?" he quavered.

"You remember, dear!" It was perfectly plain that he did *not* remember. "I told you at the time that it was very important!"

"L . . . letter?" Pop said again. Jit could see that war was about to be declared, with Pop a loser before the first shot was fired.

"Ahem!" he said loudly, clearing his throat. "I couldn't help overhearin' what you were sayin', and I'm *ashamed* of you, Mom! Takin' that suspicious attitude with Pop! Don't you know that a Jones *never* forgets?"

Pop looked as though a last-minute reprieve had just been issued by the Governor. "You mean . . .?"

"Certainly Pop mailed that letter! I vouch for him!" Jit calmed his mother.

Peace fell on the Jones household. Harmony was restored. Mom returned to her knitting, Jit returned to his brooding, but Pop seemed to have something on his mind.

Jit found him rummaging frantically in the hall closet. "Letter . . . letter . . . letter . . ." he was mumbling. "Where is it? I've got to find it! Not here . . . not in this pocket . . . not in my hat band . . ."

"Why don'tcha calm down, Pop?" Jit asked. "I mailed that letter for ya, this morning! Saw ya leave it on the hall table!"

"My boy! My wonderful, loyal boy!" Pop shook Jit's hand until it was no more than a fast-moving blur. "You have my gratitude, my appreciation, my affection as man-to-man, as well as father-to-son! You have acted nobly! You are quick-thinking, honest and . . ."

"*Broke!*" Jit supplied this last word, looking hopefully at his father.

"Here, son! Allow me to make you a permanent gift of this dollar!" Mr. Jones pressed a crumpled bill into Jit's willing hand.

"Gosh, thanks a lot, Pop! I wan'tcha ta know I'd have mailed that letter anyhow, though!"

"Oh, yes, my boy . . . and here's another for good measure!"

Jitterbuck Jones brooded no longer!

Starlet O'Hara

IN HOLLYWOOD

HEY, STARLET...FRITZI!
HOW'D YOU AND YOUR BOY FRIENDS
LIKE TO GO DANCING TO STAN
KENTON'S BAND, EAT WONDERFUL
FOOD, MEET STARS AND DIRECTORS
...AND IN GENERAL HAVE A
WONDERFUL TIME!

LISTEN, DEE, YOU KIDDING?
NONE OF MY BOY FRIENDS
COULD AFFORD IT! NOT
ONLY THAT, BUT THEY DON'T
KNOW ANY MOVIE
STARS!

AND I'VE GOT A DATE
WITH JIMMY...AND HE'S
BROKE! ...WE'RE GOING
TO PLAY PLATTERS
TONIGHT!



BUT THIS ISN'T GOING TO COST ANYTHING!
...LOOK, MY LOVE BUG, HOKEY, IS AN ASSISTANT
CAMERAMAN AT THE MAMMOTH STUDIOS, AND
THEY JUST FINISHED SHOOTING A SUPER-
EPIC! SO THE PRODUCER IS GIVING
A PARTY FOR THE WHOLE PRODUCT-
ION UNIT AND THEIR FRIENDS!

SO WHAT'S
THAT GOT TO
DO WITH
US?

WELL, YOU'RE INVITED! YOU'RE FRIENDS
OF HOKEY'S AND MINE, AREN'T
YOU?

GOSH, DEE!
THAT'S...THAT'S
WONDERFUL! I'LL
CALL JIMMY AND
TELL HIM!

WOW! MOVIE
STARS AND
BIG SHOTS!
MM-MMM!





SO...THAT EVENING...



FRITZI, YOU GORGEOUS GIRL, YOU! I'M SURPRISED YOU HAVEN'T BEEN DISCOVERED LONG AGO! YOU'RE...

HEY, HERE ARE THE KIDS! LET'S GO!



WELL, THIS IS OUR PRODUCER, MR. KALLECK'S PLACE, KIDS!... SOME SHACK, HUH?

BELIEVE ME, I'M NOT GONNA WASTE A MINUTE LETTING THE INFLUENTIAL PEOPLE KNOW ABOUT ME!



PRETTY SWELL PLACE, HUH? YOU GALS JUST GO AHEAD AND ROAM AROUND! THERE'S NO FORMAL INTRODUCTION AT THESE AFFAIRS!

WELL! HEL-LO!



MY NAME'S FRITZI! I RECOGNIZED YOU THE MINUTE I SAW YOU! I'VE HEARD SO MANY NICE THINGS ABOUT YOUR WORK!...YOU KNOW, I'M AN ACTRESS! NOT WORKING RIGHT NOW, BUT---

FRITZI!



PU-LEEZ, STARLET! THIS GENTLEMAN IS INTENSELY INTERESTED IN MY CAREER! DON'T INTERRUPT!

MADAM, PLEASE! I...

PSST! GO FIND YOUR OWN PRODUCER!



YOU DOPE!...HE'S THE BUTLER!



HMPH!

OH...

HONEST, FRITZI,
SOMETIMES YOU
...YOU... **COME ON!**
LET'S FIND THE
FOOD!



BOY! ARE THESE
SANDWICHES
GOOD!

**STARLET, LOOK! THERE'S
HOWARD DUFF! AND...
AND GABLE, AND GREG
PECK! FOR GOSH SAKES,
QUIT EATING AND LET'S
START MAKING OUR-
SELVES KNOWN!**



OKAY, BUT REMEMBER!
DON'T GO INTRODUCING
YOURSELF TO ANY-
ONE UNTIL YOU
KNOW WHO THEY
ARE!

OKAY! OKAY!
... NOW COME
ON!



HELLO... I'VE BEEN
WATCHING YOU GIRLS!
MY NAME'S GERFORD
AND I WORK AT MAMMOTH,
BUT I DON'T REMEMBER
EVER SEEING **YOU** OUT
THERE! HAVE A
PICKLE?

HUH?
NO, THANKS!



WOULDN'T YOU KNOW THAT THE ONLY
PERSON TO SAY HELLO TO US WOULD BE
FRANKENSTEIN'S SON?... COME
ON, LET'S MOVE!



PSST, STARLET... THERE'S HERMAN DRAFTY!
I KNOW HE'S A PRODUCER... I'VE SEEN HIM!
AND HE'S **ALONE! THIS**
IS OUR CHANCE TO
MEET HIM!

SWELL, BUT
DON'T START TELLING
HIM HOW GOOD YOU
ARE RIGHT **AWAY!**



ER... PARDON ME, MR. DRAFTY, I'M... HUH?

HEY! YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOUR NAMES! WHAT'S YOUR NAMES, HUH?



I THINK YOU'RE **VERY** ATTRACTIVE! **BOTH** OF YOU!

WELL, THERE GOES OUR CHANCE TO TALK TO THAT PRODUCER!



IF WE'RE EVER GOING TO GET ANYPLACE, WE'VE GOT TO GET **RID** OF THIS CHARACTER!

YEAH, BUT HOW?

I KNOW YOU'RE NOT IN PICTURES AT MAMMOTH, 'CAUSE I **KNOW** EVERY STAR OUT THERE WHEN I SEE 'EM! ...NOW COME ON, WHAT'S YOUR NAMES? **MINE'S GERFORD!**



LISTEN, THIS SAWED-OFF WOLF THINKS BECAUSE WE'RE NOT NOTABLES, HE CAN **HAUNT** US! HE'S GOTTA BE SQUELCHED, AND I KNOW HOW TO DO IT!

OKAY, BUT DON'T **INSULT** THE POOR LITTLE GUY!

I LIKE PARTIES LIKE THIS WHERE THERE'S LOTS OF GOOD FOOD, DON'T YOU?...COME ON, TELL ME YOUR NAMES, HUH?



VER' WAL!... I AM **OLGA PERONITA**, AND THESE MY SEESTER, **VELVETTE!**...NOW GO 'WAY, WE WANT TO BE **ALONE!**

?

WHAT! TH...THE FAMOUS EUROPEAN **STARS?** OH, **GEE-GOSH!**



YA SEE? I KNOW HIS KIND! YOU HAVE TO **AWE** THEM! HE'LL LEAVE NOW AND...

MY PAPA **KNOWS** YOU! HE'S BEEN TRYING TO GET YOU BOTH TO COME TO AMERICA AND SIGN A CONTRACT WITH HIS STUDIO FOR A LONG TIME!

WHAT? YOUR PAPA KNOWS US? WANTS US TO SIGN A CONTRACT?... WHO IS YOUR PAPA?

MR. KALLECK, THE PRODUCER AT MAMMOTH! HE'S THE ONE GIVING THIS PARTY! WAIT RIGHT HERE... DON'T GO AWAY! I'M GOING TO GET HIM!



OH MY GOSH, WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO? HIS FATHER'LL KNOW WE'RE IMPOSTORS AND WE CAN'T EXPLAIN WHY WE...

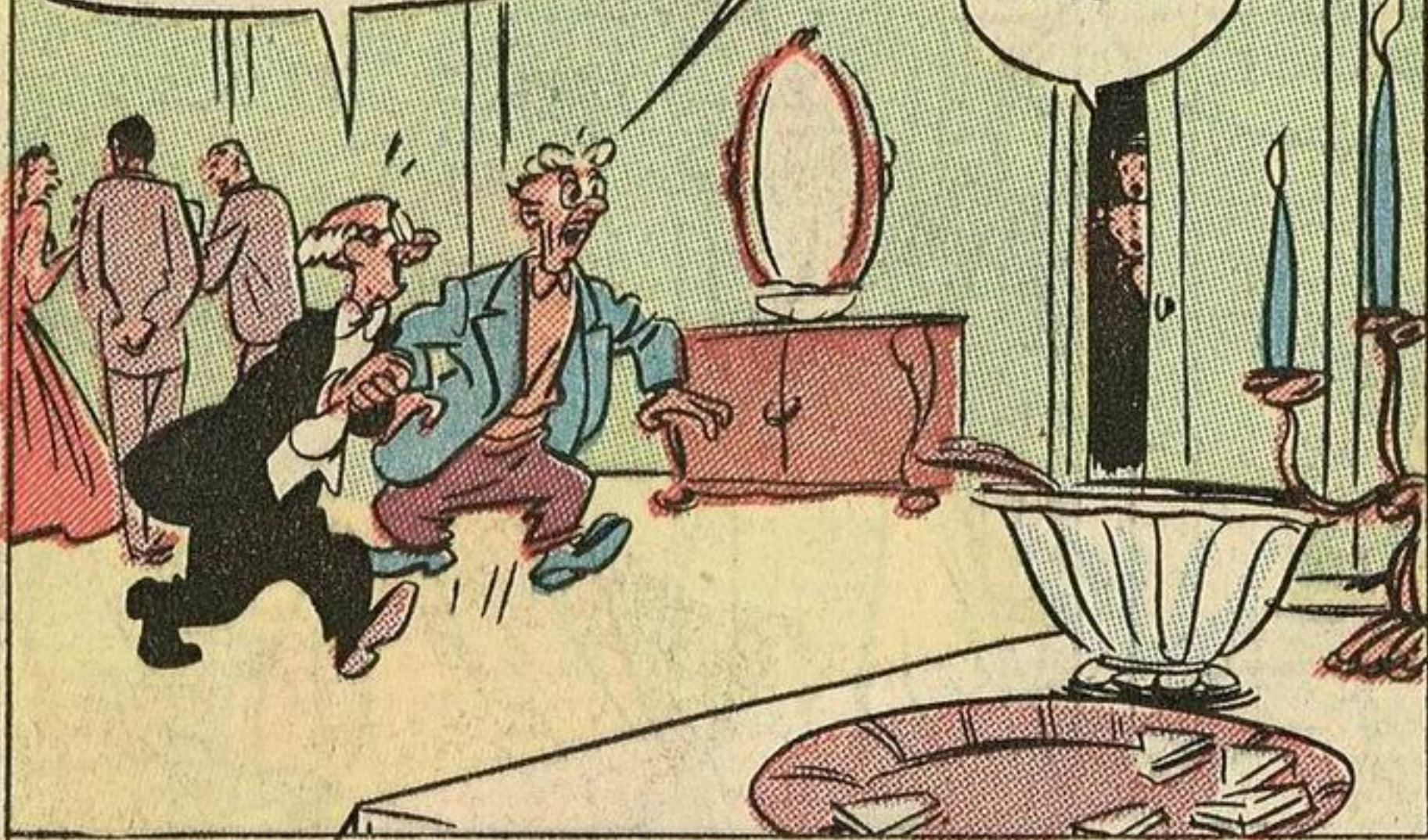
DID YOU HAVE TO TELL HIS SON THAT PHONY STORY?... QUICK, WE'LL DUCK INTO THIS ROOM OVER HERE!



THIS IS WONDERFUL, SON! THEY MUST'VE COME OVER HERE UNDER ASSUMED NAMES! ... HEH - HEH! CLEVER GIRLS! WELL, I, KALLECK, WILL SIGN THEM UP RIGHT NOW!

SURE, PAPA, SURE! WHY...
THEY'RE GONE!

WHEW!



GONE? WELL, FIND THEM! DO YOU WANT SOME OTHER PRODUCER TO RECOGNIZE THEM AND SIGN THEM TO A CONTRACT IN MY OWN HOUSE?...
NOW FIND THEM!

YES, PAPA! RIGHT AWAY, PAPA!



THAT WAS CLOSE! ... NOW WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO?

THEY'RE BOTH WALKING OFF! WE CAN GO BACK OUT, MINGLE WITH THE CROWD, KEEP A WARY EYE OUT FOR THAT GERFORD AND MAKE SURE WE'RE ALWAYS WHERE HE ISN'T!



YEAH, GUESS THAT'S ALL WE CAN DO!... YOU KNOW, IF HIS FATHER FOUND OUT WE WERE PHONIES, HE'D WANT TO KNOW HOW WE GOT HERE! THEN WE'D HAVE TO TELL HIM, AND DEE'S BOY-FRIEND WOULD PROBABLY LOSE HIS JOB!

UH-HUH! WELL, WE'RE SAFE NOW, GO...

SO HERE YOU ARE!





NOW THIS TIME, **DON'T** RUN AWAY! PAPA'S ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU! I'LL GET HIM... HE'S RIGHT OUTSIDE THE DOOR!

JUST OUTSIDE THE **DOOR**? THEN HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF...

QUICK, FRITZI, OVER HERE!



WHY, THEY'RE GONE AGAIN!

GONE AGAIN? LOOK, ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE EVEN **SEEN** THEM? I, YOUR FATHER, **DON'T** THINK SO!



SIT DOWN AND I'LL TELL YOU **WHY**!... **GIMME THOSE GLASSES!** IT IS MY SUSPICION THAT YOU NEED GLASSES AS STRONG AS YOUR PAPA'S NOW!

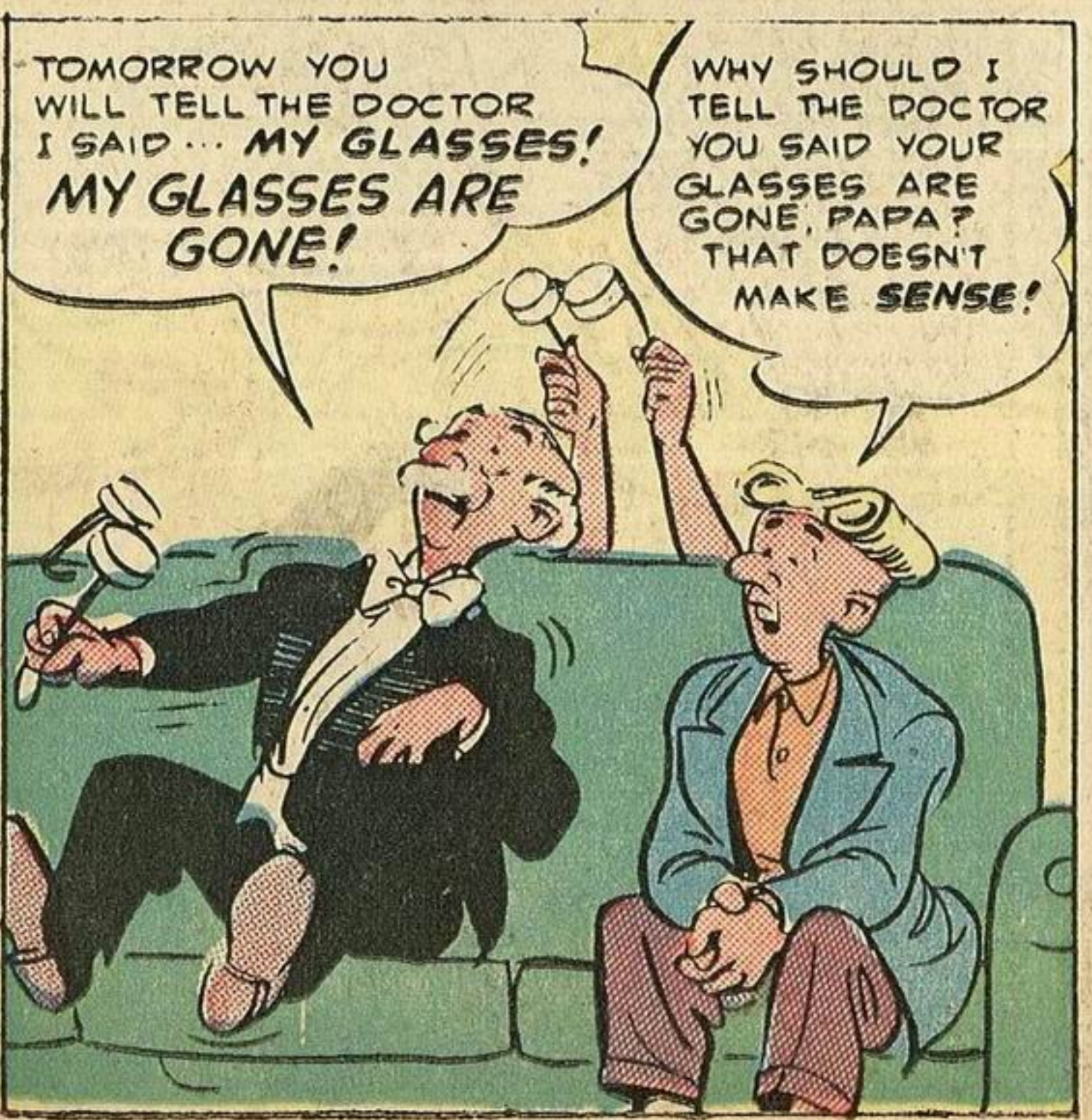
BUT PAPA, I **COULDN'T**! I CAN SEE A LITTLE WITHOUT **MINE**... BUT YOU CAN'T SEE AT **ALL**!



HA! JUST AS I THOUGHT! WHO CAN SEE THROUGH GLASSES THAT ARE ONLY **ONE INCH THICK**? WHAT YOU NEED IS **ANOTHER HALF-INCH OF GLASS!**

PSST, STARLET! I THINK I KNOW HOW WE CAN MEET THOSE SHMOES FACE TO FACE AND GET THIS OVER WITH!

OKAY, BUT IT HAD BETTER BE **GOOD**!



TOMORROW YOU WILL TELL THE DOCTOR I SAID... **MY GLASSES!** **MY GLASSES ARE GONE!**

WHY SHOULD I TELL THE DOCTOR YOU SAID YOUR GLASSES ARE GONE, PAPA? THAT DOESN'T MAKE **SENSE**!



YOU MORON! I JUST **LOST** MY GLASSES! THEY FELL **OFF** SOMEHOW! HELP ME FIND THEM, YOU HEAR?

HOW CAN I, WHEN YOU HAVE **MY** GLASSES?

HERE! HERE'S YOURS!





OUR BIG EVENING! WE WERE GOING TO EAT GOOD FOOD! DANCE! MEET STARS, PRODUCERS... MAYBE GET A BIG BREAK! AND WHAT HAPPENS? WE SPEND THE EVENING IN A COAL BIN! WHAT KIND OF A BIG BREAK DO YOU CALL THAT?

A PRETTY GOOD ONE! THOSE JERKS HAVEN'T COME DOWN HERE YET!



MAYBE NOT, BUT WE STILL HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE... AND THOSE TWO ARE GOING TO BE UP THERE WAITING!

LOOK! I KNOW HOW WE CAN DO IT!... QUICK, TEAR THE BOTTOM OFF YOUR EVENING GOWN, AND I'LL DO THE SAME! THEN START RUBBING COAL DUST ON YOUR FACE AND HAIR!



THE BUTLER SAYS NO GIRLS HAVE LEFT YET! ONLY A FEW COUPLES!

WELL, THEN, THEY...

PAHDON, BOSS... ONE SIDE, PLEASE! YOWSAH! TOWELS FO' DE GUEST ROOM! PAHDON!



LATER...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! EVERYONE'S GONE... BUT WE CAN'T FIND THEM ANYWHERE!

COME TO THINK OF IT, WE DIDN'T SEE THEM ALL EVENING! I WONDER WHY?



BECAUSE WE SPENT IT IN THE COAL BIN, AND PLEASE DON'T ASK US WHY! I'D BE ASHAMED TO TELL YOU!



SO FINALLY, BACK HOME...

YA KNOW, I WAS JUST THINKING! IF WE COULD'VE GOTTEN KALLECK'S SECOND PAIR OF GLASSES, WE MIGHT'VE HAD HIM SIGN A CONTRACT WITH OUR NAMES ON IT! NOW, WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF...

LOOK! YOU'D BETTER DEVOTE YOUR THINKING TO JUST ONE THING... HOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR MY EVENING GOWN!

TWINKLE

TWINKLE, MY POKER CLUB WILL BE HERE TONIGHT!...I'D LIKE YOU TO STAY OUT OF THE WAY!

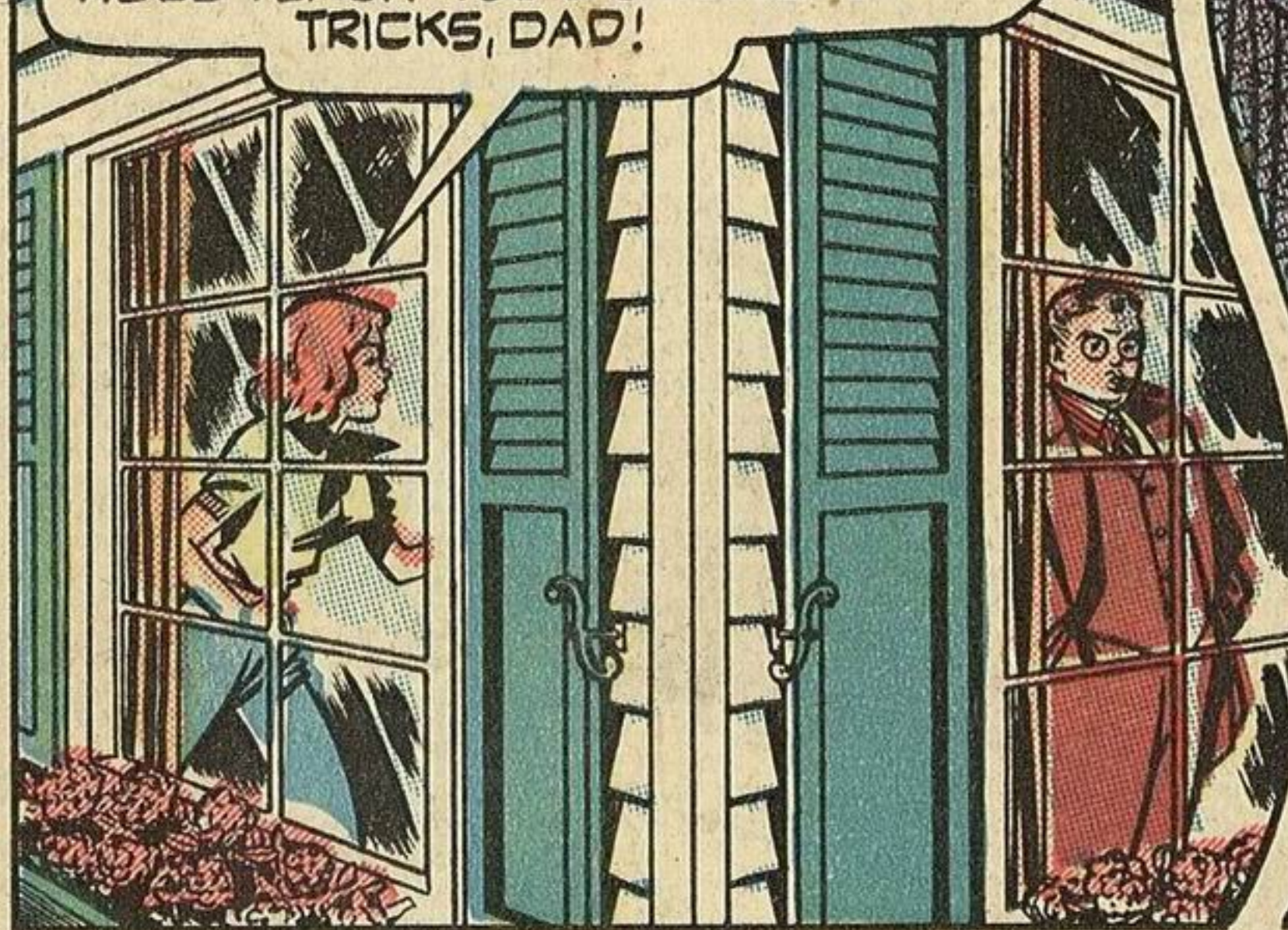
JEEPERS, DAD, ARE YOU EVER LUCKY!

HUH? WHY?



SURE! I MEAN **JIMSIE'S** COMING OVER TONIGHT TOO, AND HE'S A SIMPLY **TERRIFIC** CARD SHARK... HE'LL TEACH YOU **DOZENS** OF TRICKS, DAD!

HE'S POSITIVELY **AMAZING!** HE CAN DEAL HIMSELF ALMOST **ANY** KIND OF HAND... AND ALWAYS **DOES** WHEN HE'S PLAYING WITH THE BOYS!



BUT THAT'S **CHEATING**... IT ISN'T HONEST! DON'T THE BOYS GET MAD?

OH, HE SAYS THAT NEVER BOTHERS THEM! HE ALWAYS **LOSES** ANYWAY!





**BIGGER'N
BETTER
BUBBLES-**

**PRICE-
A PENNY
A PIECE-**

**AN' THE
SQUARE WRAP
KEEPS THE
FUNNIES
FLAT--**

1¢

FRANK H. FLEER CORP.
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52
PAGES



They're the terrific ten...
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**READ THEM ALL
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Read **AMERICAN!**

LIFE *with* POP

BUT POP, DO WE **HAVE** TO HAVE THAT UGLY SIGN ON **OUR** HOUSE?

PLEASE REMEMBER I'M A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE AND...

OW!

SAFETY WEEK
DON'T BE A DOPE
AVOID ACCIDENTS!



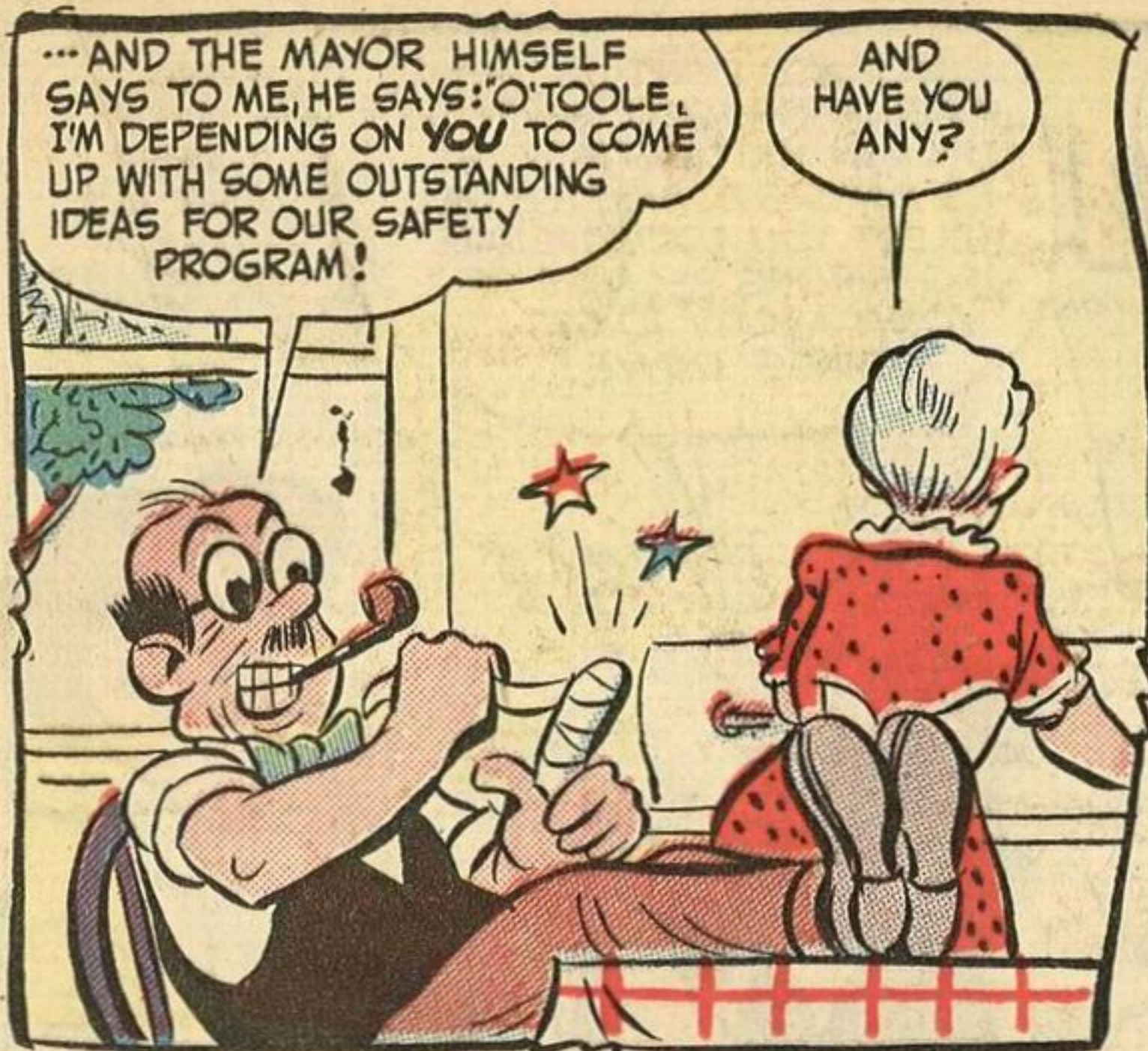
HA-HA!
MAYBE **YOU** SHOULD HAVE READ THE SIGN **FIRST, POP!**

VERY FUNNY!
BUT IT JUST GOES TO SHOW HOW **IM-PORTANT** A WEEK LIKE **THIS IS!**

...AND INSTEAD OF **LAUGHING** AT ME, I SHOULD THINK YOU'D BE **PROUD** THAT OF ALL THE MEN IN THIS TOWN, YOUR **HUSBAND** WAS SELECTED AS ONE OF THE COMMITTEE!

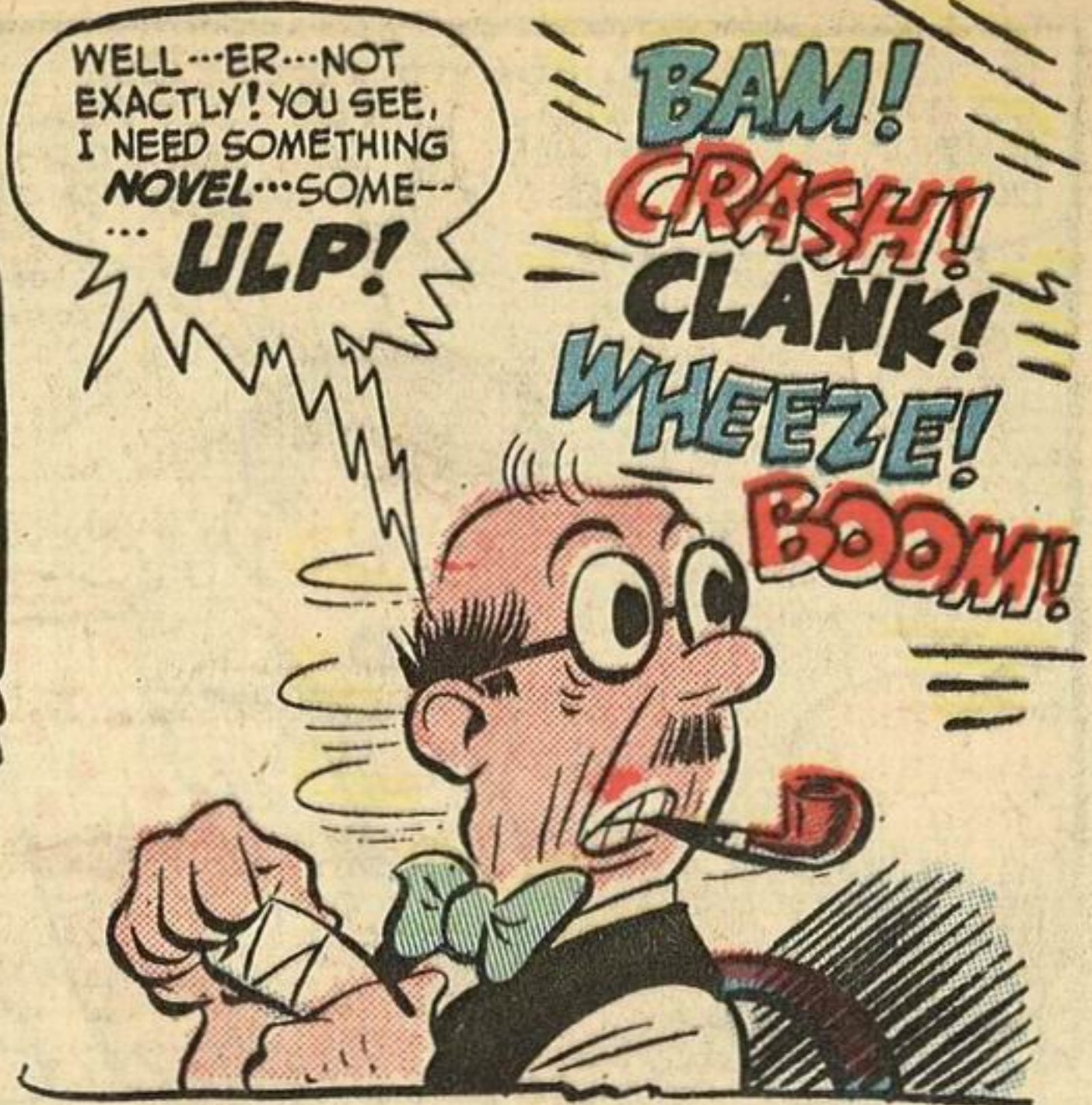
OH, BUT I **AM** PROUD, POP!





...AND THE MAYOR HIMSELF SAYS TO ME, HE SAYS: 'O'TOOLE, I'M DEPENDING ON **YOU** TO COME UP WITH SOME OUTSTANDING IDEAS FOR OUR SAFETY PROGRAM!

AND HAVE YOU ANY?



WELL...ER...NOT EXACTLY! YOU SEE, I NEED SOMETHING **NOVEL**...SOME--
ULP!

BAM!
CRASH!
CLANK!
WHEEZE!
BOOM!



HI, MOM! HEY... WHAT'S POP DOIN' DOWN **THERE?**

HE MAY SAY HE'S LOOKING FOR A NOVEL IDEA, COOKIE ...BUT I THINK THAT NOISE OF YOURS **SCARED** HIM!



WHAT IN THUNDER DID YOU **DO** THAT PEOPLE ARE **SHOOT-ING** AT YOU?

SHOOTING? ...OH, YOU MEAN MY **JALOPY!** YEAH, SHE **DOES** SOUND BAD, AT THAT!



EUREKA! THAT'S IT!... I MUST CALL THE MAYOR AT **ONCE!**

...AND, YOUR HONOR, MY SUGGESTION FOR A SLOGAN IS '**FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, KEEP KIDS OUT OF JALOPIES!**'...HOW'S THAT?

NOT **BAD**, O'TOOLE! I'LL HAVE A SIGN MADE UP AND YOU CAN USE IT ON YOUR CAR IN THE PARADE TOMORROW!



BUT POP, I **NEED** A CAR!

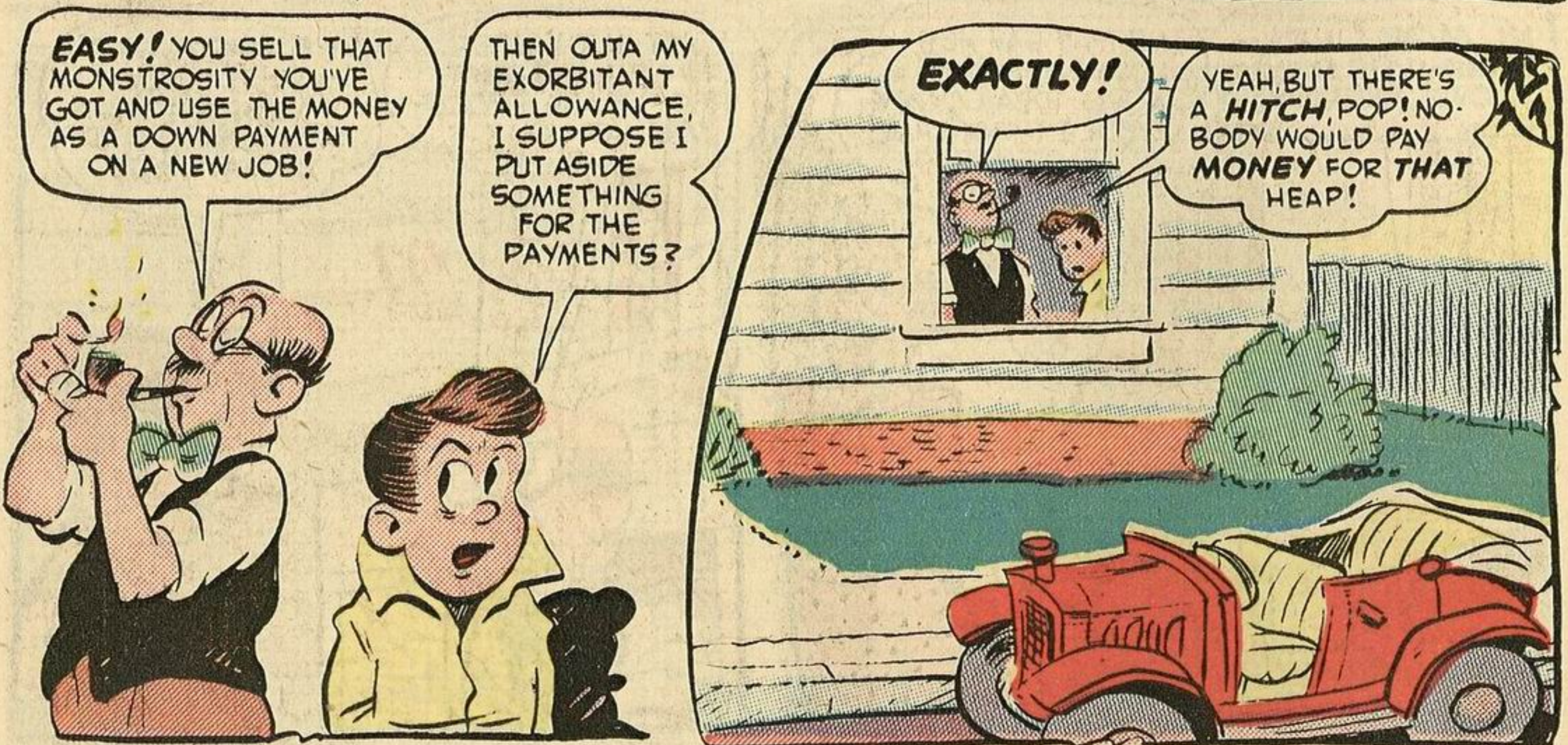


IF YOU NEED A CAR, THEN DO WHAT ANY SAFETY-MINDED PERSON WOULD DO...BUY A **NEW** ONE!

PEACHY IDEA, POP...BUT WHAT DO I USE FOR **MONEY**?

SON, IF YOU DON'T USE MORE IMAGINATION, YOU'LL NEVER BE THE MAN YOUR **FATHER** IS! NO MAYOR'S COMMITTEE WILL SELECT **YOU** FROM THE MILLING THROG BECAUSE OF **YOUR** ABILITY TO GET THINGS **DONE**!

OKAY, SO I'M A **DOPE**! HOW DO I GET A **NEW CAR**?

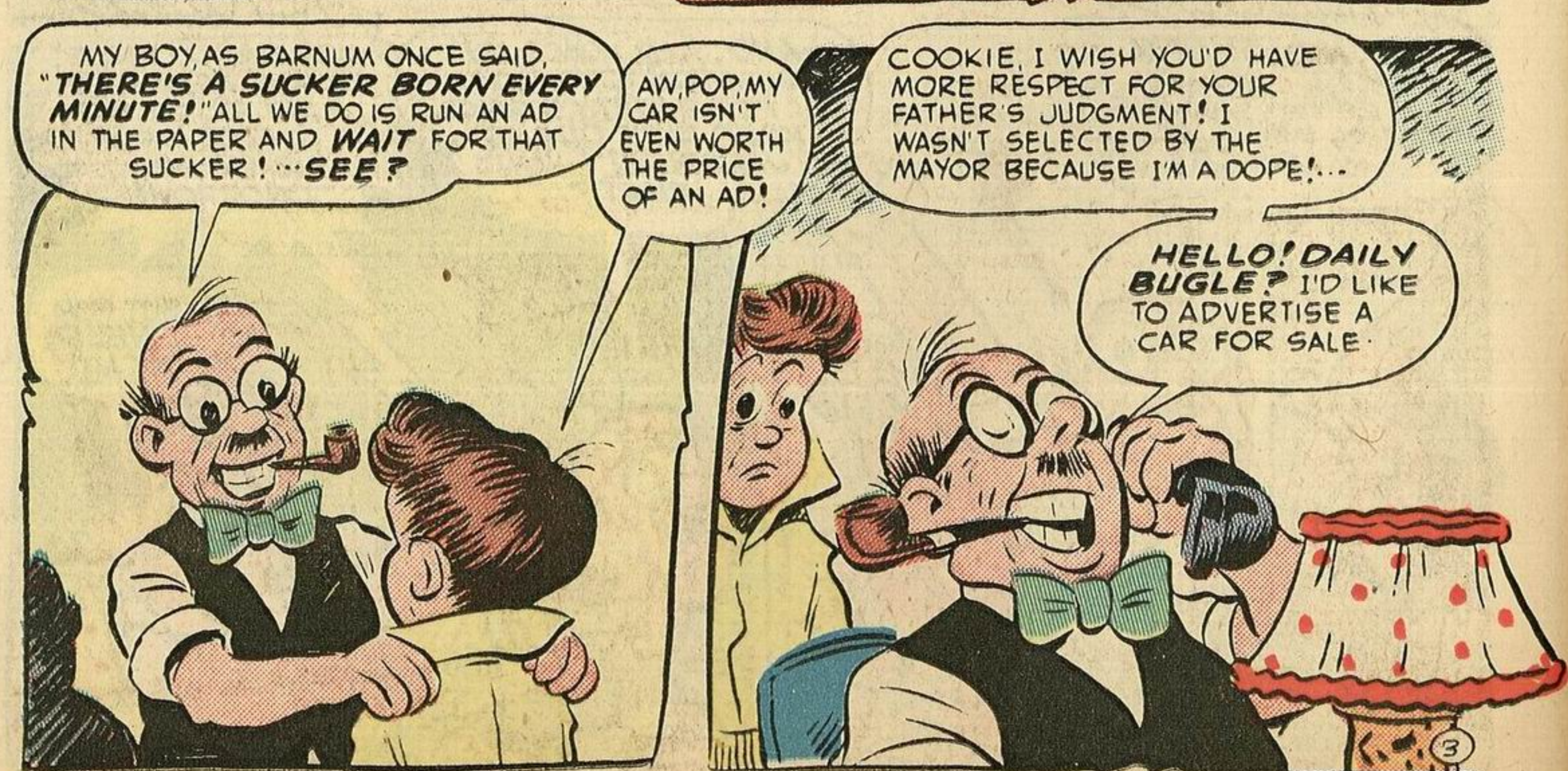


EASY! YOU SELL THAT MONSTROSITY YOU'VE GOT AND USE THE MONEY AS A DOWN PAYMENT ON A NEW JOB!

THEN OUTA MY EXORBITANT ALLOWANCE, I SUPPOSE I PUT ASIDE SOMETHING FOR THE PAYMENTS?

EXACTLY!

YEAH, BUT THERE'S A **HITCH**, POP! NO-BODY WOULD PAY **MONEY** FOR THAT HEAP!



MY BOY, AS BARNUM ONCE SAID, "**THERE'S A SUCKER BORN EVERY MINUTE!**" ALL WE DO IS RUN AN AD IN THE PAPER AND **WAIT** FOR THAT SUCKER!...**SEE?**

AW, POP, MY CAR ISN'T EVEN WORTH THE PRICE OF AN AD!

COOKIE, I WISH YOU'D HAVE MORE RESPECT FOR YOUR FATHER'S JUDGMENT! I WASN'T SELECTED BY THE MAYOR BECAUSE I'M A **DOPE**!...

HELLO! DAILY BUGLE? I'D LIKE TO ADVERTISE A CAR FOR SALE.

NEXT A.M.

SOME MAN JUST LEFT THESE! DON'T TELL ME, YOU HANG **THEM** ON THE HOUSE TOO!

OH, NO! THEY GO ON MY CAR IN THE SAFETY PARADE THIS AFTER-NOON!

PARADE?

YES, AND MY CAR IS RIGHT BEHIND THE MAYOR'S... SOME HONOR, EH?... OH-OH, THE BELL!

RRINNG!

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE
KEEP KIDS OFF
OF JALOPHONES

YES?

I READ YOUR AD... IT SAY LOOK AT CAR AN' MAKE OFFER... SO I LOOK AT CAR AN' MAKE OFFER! **200 BUCKS!**... YES? NO?

WHY, OF COURSE!
I...

HOKAY!
YOU TAKE MONEY, I TAKE CAR!... GOOM-BYE NOW!

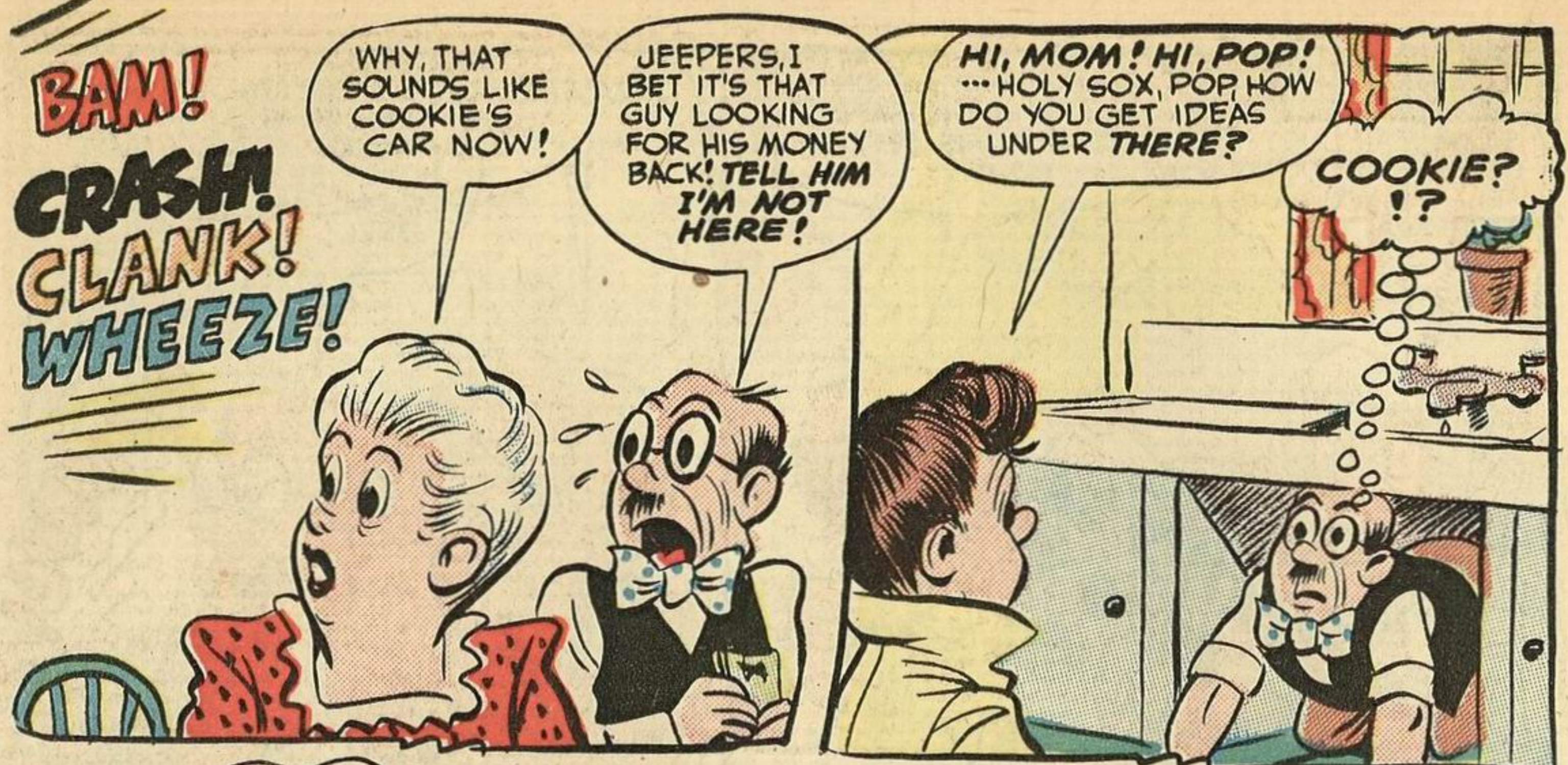
SLAM!

HEY, MOM...
LOOK! A GUY JUST GAVE ME TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR COOKIE'S CAR!

IS IT **REAL**...
I MEAN, THE MONEY?

MOTHER, I'M AFRAID I'VE BEEN UNFAIR TO YOU ALL THESE YEARS! IT TOOK THIS APPOINTMENT BY THE MAYOR TO AWAKEN ME TO MY **UNIQUE TALENTS!** BUT DON'T WORRY... NOW THAT I'VE DISCOVERED THEM, WE'LL BE RICH IN **NO TIME!**

MAN OF
DISTINCTION



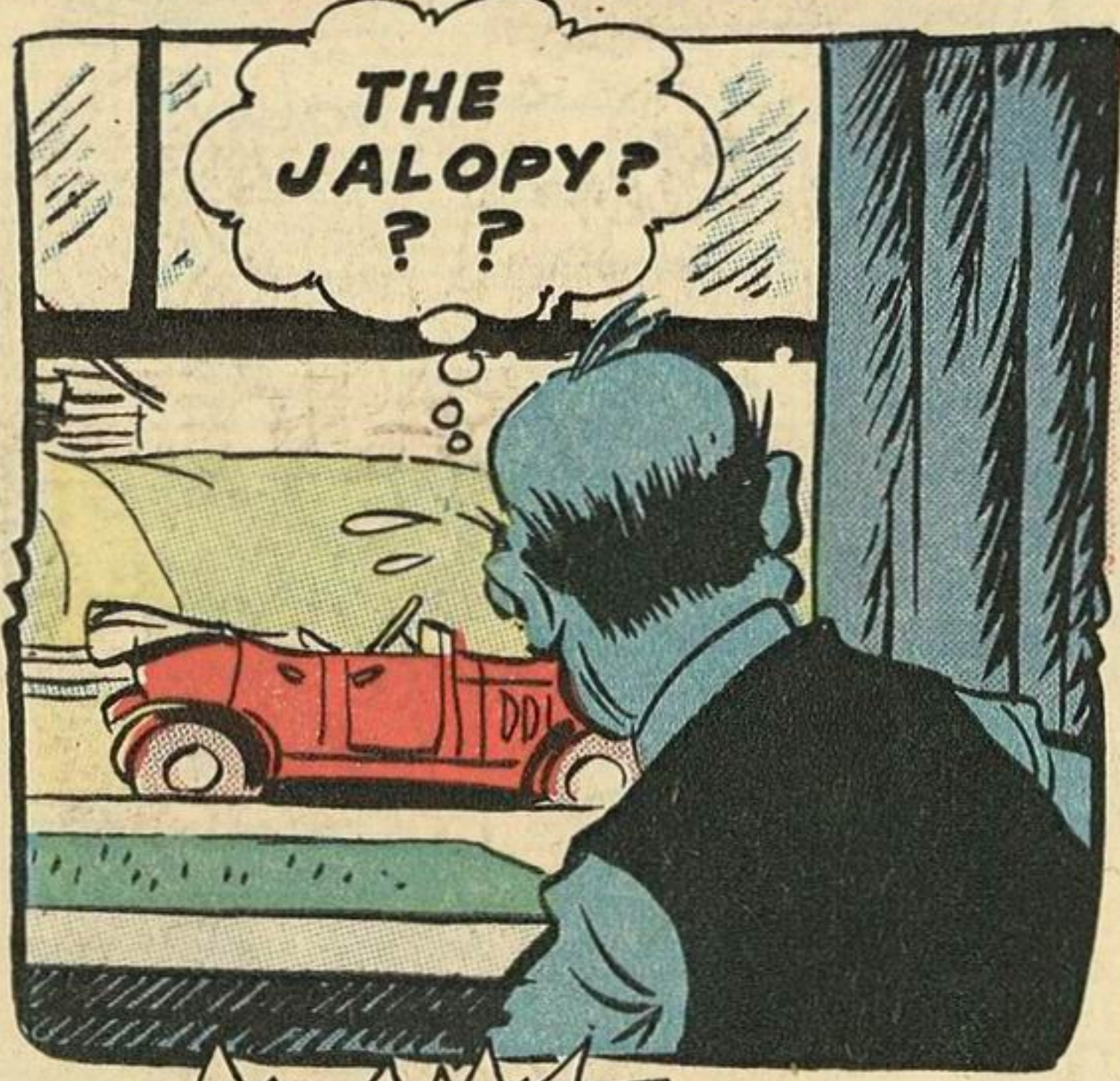
BAM!
CRASH!
CLANK!
WHEEZE!

WHY, THAT SOUNDS LIKE COOKIE'S CAR NOW!

JEEPERS, I BET IT'S THAT GUY LOOKING FOR HIS MONEY BACK! TELL HIM I'M NOT HERE!

HI, MOM! HI, POP! ... HOLY SOX, POP, HOW DO YOU GET IDEAS UNDER THERE?

COOKIE? !?



THE JALOPY???



NO...NO! IT CAN'T BE!

WHOOSH!



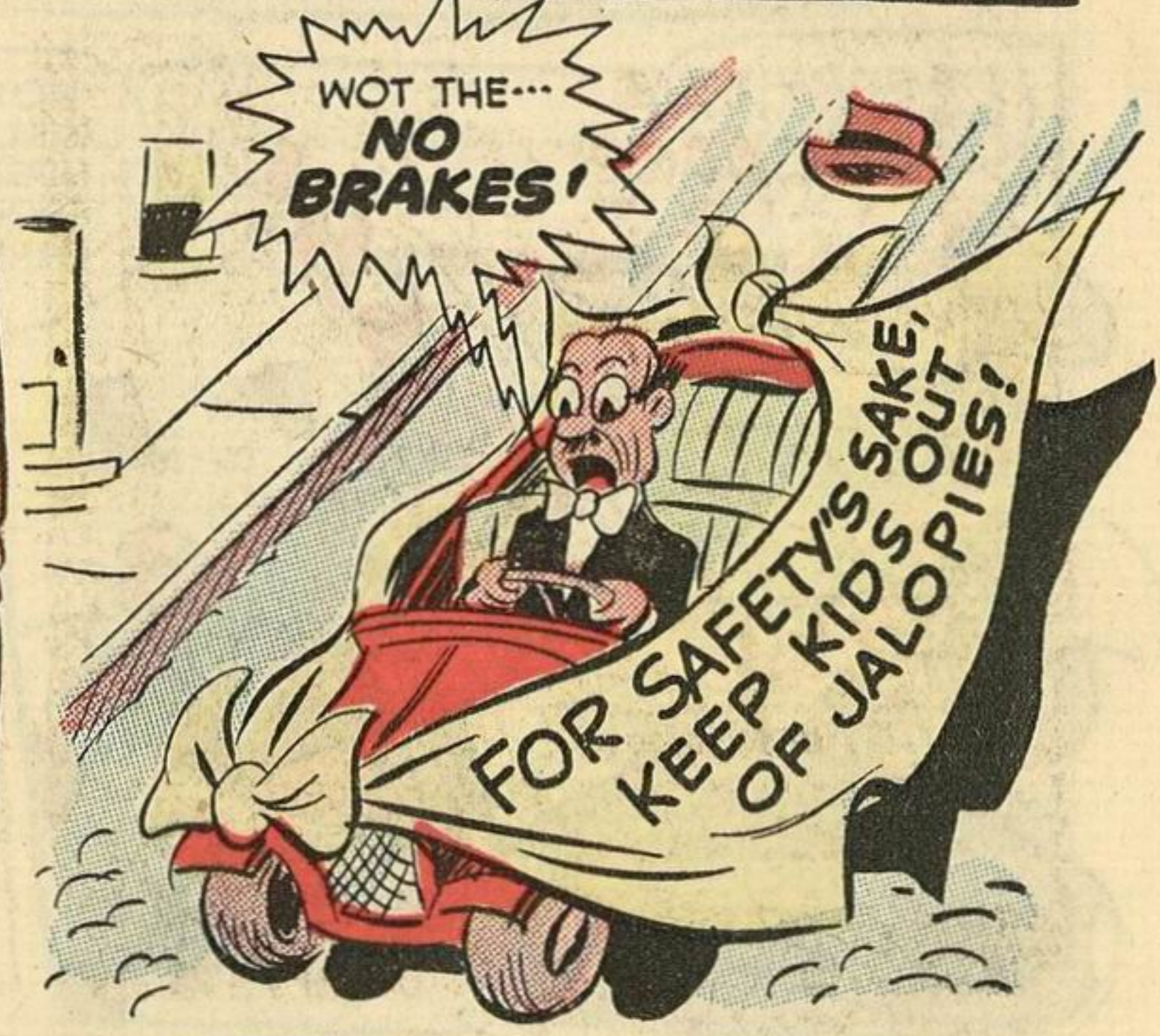
HALP! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!
HE BOUGHT **MY** CAR!

NOW, NOW, POP ... DON'T CRY! COOKIE SAID YOU CAN USE **HIS** CAR FOR THE PARADE!

SURE! WITH THOSE SIGN THINGS DRAPED AROUND IT, NOBODY'LL KNOW IT'S JUST AN OLD JALOPY!



WAH!





ROMEO

JULIET

O'TOOLE and WITHERSPOON

NEVER had Cookie been so shocked!

Never had he been so shaken by tragedy! He was entirely unprepared for the blow when it fell, which made it, if possible, worse!

"I'm sorry, son," he heard his Pop saying, "but that's an order direct from your mother. And it's *final*! You are not to see Angelpuss Witherspoon any more!"

Cookie was dazed. "Y'know, Pop," he said, "I just thought I heard ya tell me not ta see Angelpuss any more. Funny, ain't it? I must be *hearin'* things!"

"You're hearing correctly, my boy! As I got the story from your mother, you and I must cease all communication with the Witherspoon family, except in case of emergency. Your mother and Mrs. Witherspoon have had an argument!"

"About *what*?" Cookie demanded. "And what's it got to do with Angel and me?"

"About a *cake recipe*, son! The ladies got into a little discussion about whose chocolate layer cake or brownies or something was better. And before they knew it, it got to be a pretty stiff fight. I hear the whole town's talking about it. They vowed never to talk to each other again. Your mother never wants to hear the name Witherspoon mentioned again in this house!"

"Oh, brother!" breathed Cookie. "It's like we were readin' in school, about the House of Montague and the House of Capulet. I guess old Shakespeare really was cookin' with gas on all burners! How am I gonna *live* without Angel?"

"That, my boy, is *your* problem," said

Mr. O'Toole. "I have to figure out some way to live with your mother!"

And so, gloom fell over Cookie's horizons, darkening his days and cutting short his sleep. No other girl would do but Angel. There *was* no other girl but Angel!

Only that day, he had seen her in the school yard, a vision of beauty in a white angora sweater and a skirt pleated all the way around. His eyes spoke volumes, and hers answered, but not a word passed between them. Family orders!

And then, later, he had seen her walking towards the Soda Jerkerie, escorted by that . . . *that* . . . words failed him as he tried to describe his hated rival, Zoot. It seemed to Cookie that his heart was crumbling into little pieces that could never be put together again as he watched Zoot take Angel's elbow and help her across the street.

"That no-good heel!" he cried bitterly. "That advantage-taker! I tell you, Jit, I'm going to pieces! I can't stand it any more! I'm gonna flip my wig one of these days, so watch out for trouble!"

"Tsk-tsk-tsk!" Jit looked at his old pal pityingly. "Where's yer old fight, Cook? Where's yer scientific attitude? Yer attitude's *weak*, son! Why don'tcha figure out some way ta *end* the feud between your mom and Angel's mom? That way, ya bring the families together again, which makes for peace an' quiet, an' Angelpuss is once more your girl!"

"Mmmmmmm. " Cookie's face became thoughtful. "That I never thought of! There must be *somethin'* I can do! But when? Where? How?"

"I've got an idea about when an' where," Jit offered. "Ya'll have ta figure out *how* yourself! There's gonna be a

big cake-bake at the church this Friday night! All the ladies bring their best cakes, ya know, an' a coupla judges pick out th' winner! Now, from what I hear, the great Witherspoon-O'Toole fight was all about whose cake was better! Right?"

"*Right!*" Cookie snapped. For the first time in days, he felt the stirrings of hope. "Listen, Jit, I think I've got an idea. Would you be willin' ta take a message from me to Angel? I need her cooperation if this plan's gonna work!"

"Count on me!" Jit said manfully. "What's the message?"

As Cookie whispered into his ear, Jit's eyes grew wider and wider, and his mouth opened in complete disbelief. "What's the good o' *that*?" he wanted to know. "I think you really *have* flipped your wig, boy!"

"Never mind," Cookie said. "Just deliver the message and be on hand for further developments!"

Friday evening found Cookie walking towards the church, an enormous cake balanced carefully in his hands. His mother had entrusted it to him with many words of caution. "Don't jar the icing," she said, "and be sure to keep away from crowds. And don't *run!* I'll show that Mrs. Witherspoon who's a cake-baker!"

As he drew near the church, Cookie could see Angelpuss coming down the street, carrying a cake, obviously the Witherspoon entry for first prize. He said nothing, of course, since he was under oath to his mother, but he *did* wink at Angel. And she winked back, so he knew she had fulfilled her part of the bargain.

Then, from a third direction, came Jitterbuck Jones, carrying still a third cake, a magnificent monument that towered above his head.

Eager matrons filled the hall, eyeing each other warily, sniffing suspiciously

at each other's cakes. They chattered about recipes and mixes, flavorings and shortenings. Only Mrs. O'Toole and Mrs. Witherspoon maintained a cold, hostile silence toward each other.

The judging was about to begin! A hush fell over the audience as the judges cut a neat wedge into the first cake and tasted it. The first cake was Mrs. Witherspoon's and she sat up proudly, an expectant smile on her face.

"*Ptoo!* What's in this terrible cake?" Both judges looked sick as they managed to down the mouthfuls they had taken. Mrs. O'Toole looked triumphant.

The second cake was Mrs. O'Toole's and she smiled confidently as the judges cut into it. Into their mouths and . . . out again! "Ugh! Phooey! Worse than the first one!"

Mrs. O'Toole burst into tears.

And now the next cake, the magnificent monument delivered by Jitterbuck Jones! Heavenly! Delicious! Melts in the mouth! Perfect texture! Superb flavor!

The winning cake . . . baked by *Miss Angelpuss Witherspoon* . . . from a recipe of *Mrs. O'Toole's!*

"How sweet!" all the ladies murmured, clustering around Mrs. W. and Mrs. O. The ladies smiled wanly at each other and shook hands. The feud was over!

As for Angel and Cookie, *they* were nowhere to be seen. They were holding hands at last, sitting on their favorite bench in the park and murmuring sweet nothings to each other.

"I put ketchup in mother's cake!" Angel sighed.

"I put shaving cream in Mom's!" Cookie murmured.

"Oh, Cookie," Angel nestled against his shoulder, "aren't parents *children*?"

COOKIE

BOY, THESE MONKEY SUITS SURE **DO** THINGS FOR A GUY! GET A LOAD OF THOSE. BIG GRINS OF DELIGHT THE CHICKS ARE GIVIN' US!

I GOT **NEWS** FOR YA, CHUM! THE **GUYS** ARE GRINNIN', TOO!

CHECK ROOM

CHEAP
RENTALS
AT
SAM'S

CHEAP
RENTALS
AT
SAM'S

SO YER GOIN' TO THE BALL... **SO WOT?** IF I FELT LIKE GOIN', I'D GO TOO!

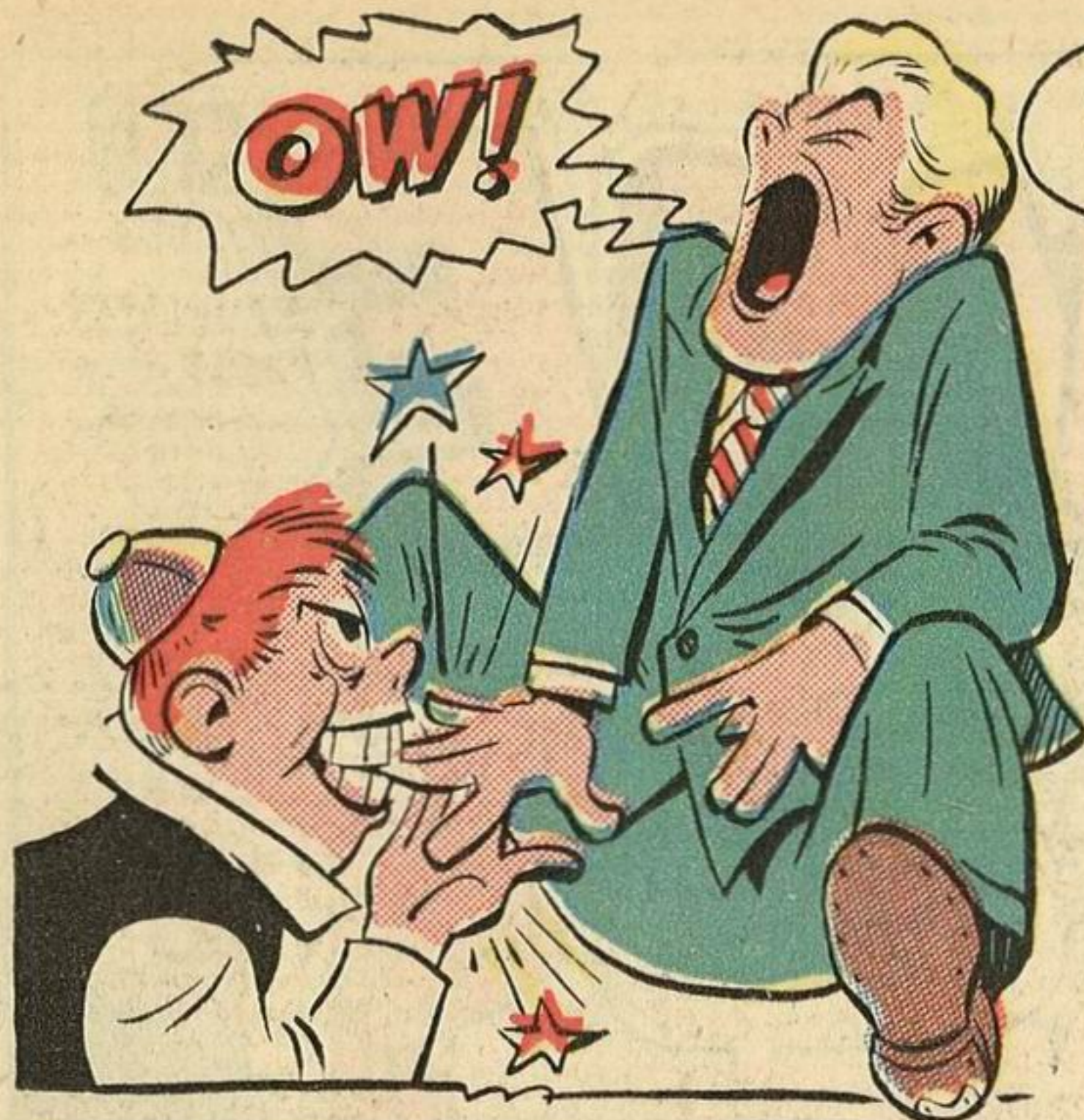
AH, BUT THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE **WRONG**, M'BOY! THIS AFFAIR IS ONLY FOR THE SELECT FEW WHOSE ANCESTORS CAME OVER ON THE **MAYFLOWER**, SEE?

THE MAYFLOWER! OH, **FORGIVE** US, MY DEAH FELLOW! WE HADN'T **REALIZED** WE WAS IN SUCH **DISTINKY** COMPANY!... ALLOW ME...

AW, CUT IT OUT, HEP!

Try our PEACH FLUMPF

SMACK
SMACK
SMACK



OH, NO YA DON'T ZOOT! LAY OFF!

COOKIE! ZOOT!... WHAT'S WRONG?



OH, HI, ANGELPUSS! THIS BIG APE WAS BRAGGIN' ABOUT HOW HIS ANCESTORS CAME OVER ON THE MAYFLOWER, AN'...

THAT'S NOTHING TO BRAG ABOUT! SO DID **MINE!**

THEN **YOU'RE** GOING TO THIS SHINDIG AT THE RITZ **TOO?**

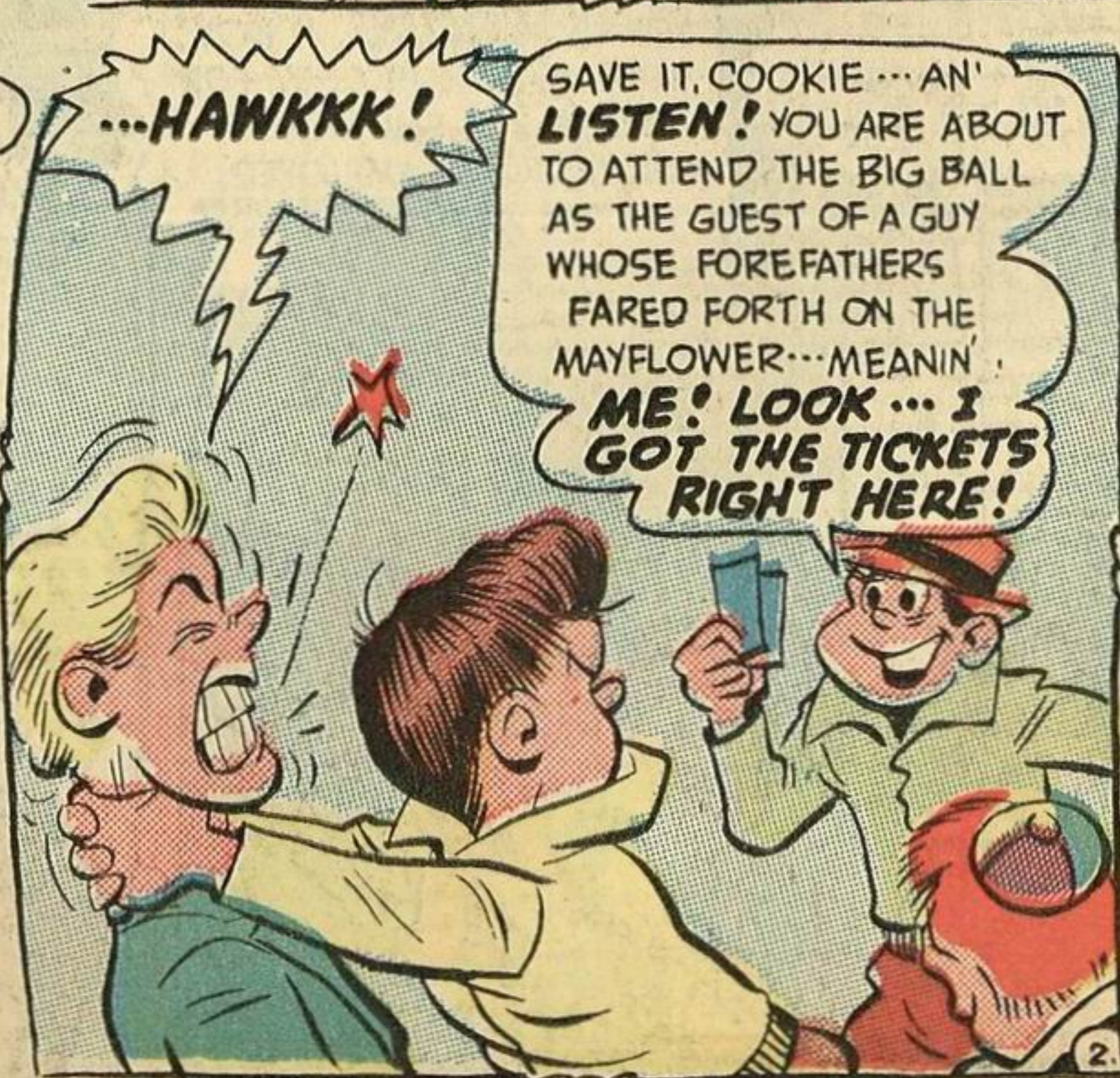
OH, COOKIE ... I JUST **HATE** THE IDEA OF GOING WITHOUT **YOU!** BUT YOU KNOW MOTHER ... SHE **INSISTS!**

YEAH, YEAH ... I KNOW!



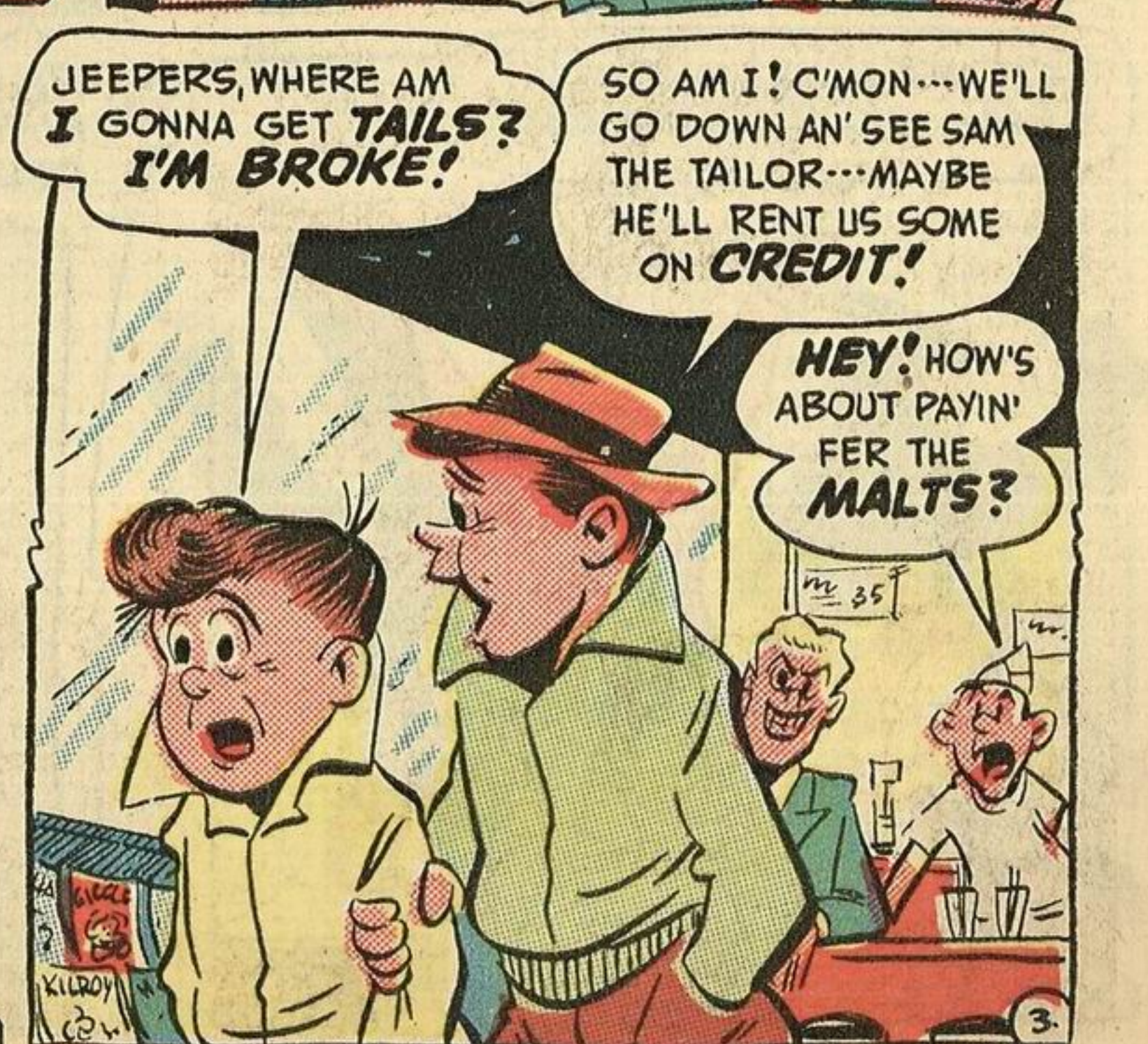
JEEPERS, I WONDER WHAT **MY** ANCESTORS WERE DOIN' WHEN THAT **MAYFLOWER** TUB SAILED FOR AMERICA!

PROBABLY HANGIN' FROM A TREE BY THEIR TAILS! **HAW...**



...**HAWKKK!**

SAVE IT, COOKIE ... AN' **LISTEN!** YOU ARE ABOUT TO ATTEND THE BIG BALL AS THE GUEST OF A GUY WHOSE FOREFATHERS FARED FORTH ON THE MAYFLOWER ... MEANIN' **ME!** LOOK ... I GOT THE TICKETS RIGHT HERE!





THOSE **CHISELERS!**
THE BOSS SEZ IF I GIVE
'EM ANY MORE CREDIT,
HE'LL **FIRE** ME!

Soda
Jerker



SEE, COOKIE? I
TOLD YA SAM WAS
A GOOD GUY---HE'LL
TRUST US!---HEY!
THESE PANTS FIT
PRETTY GOOD!

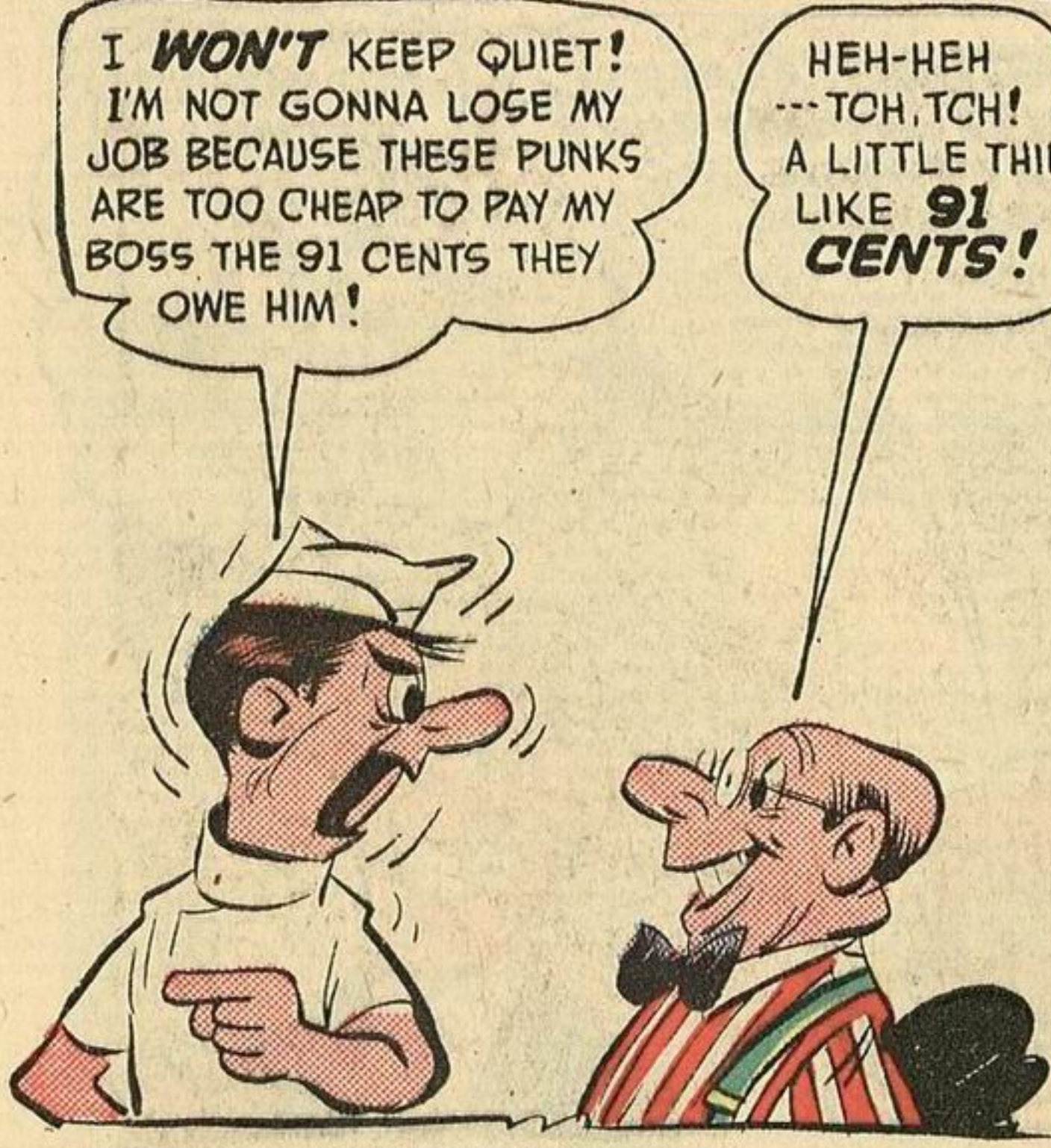


MINE
TOO---
HUH?



**HEY, YOU
GUYS!** THE
BOSS SEZ YA
GOTTA **PAY
UP!**

SH-HH! YOU'RE
DISTURBING MY
CUSTOMERS!
QUIET!



I **WON'T** KEEP QUIET!
I'M NOT GONNA LOSE MY
JOB BECAUSE THESE PUNKS
ARE TOO CHEAP TO PAY MY
BOSS THE 91 CENTS THEY
OWE HIM!

HEH-HEH
---TOH,TCH!
A LITTLE THING
LIKE **91
CENTS!**



YEAH --- BUT THEY
OWE IT FOR **TWO
YEARS!**

AWK!

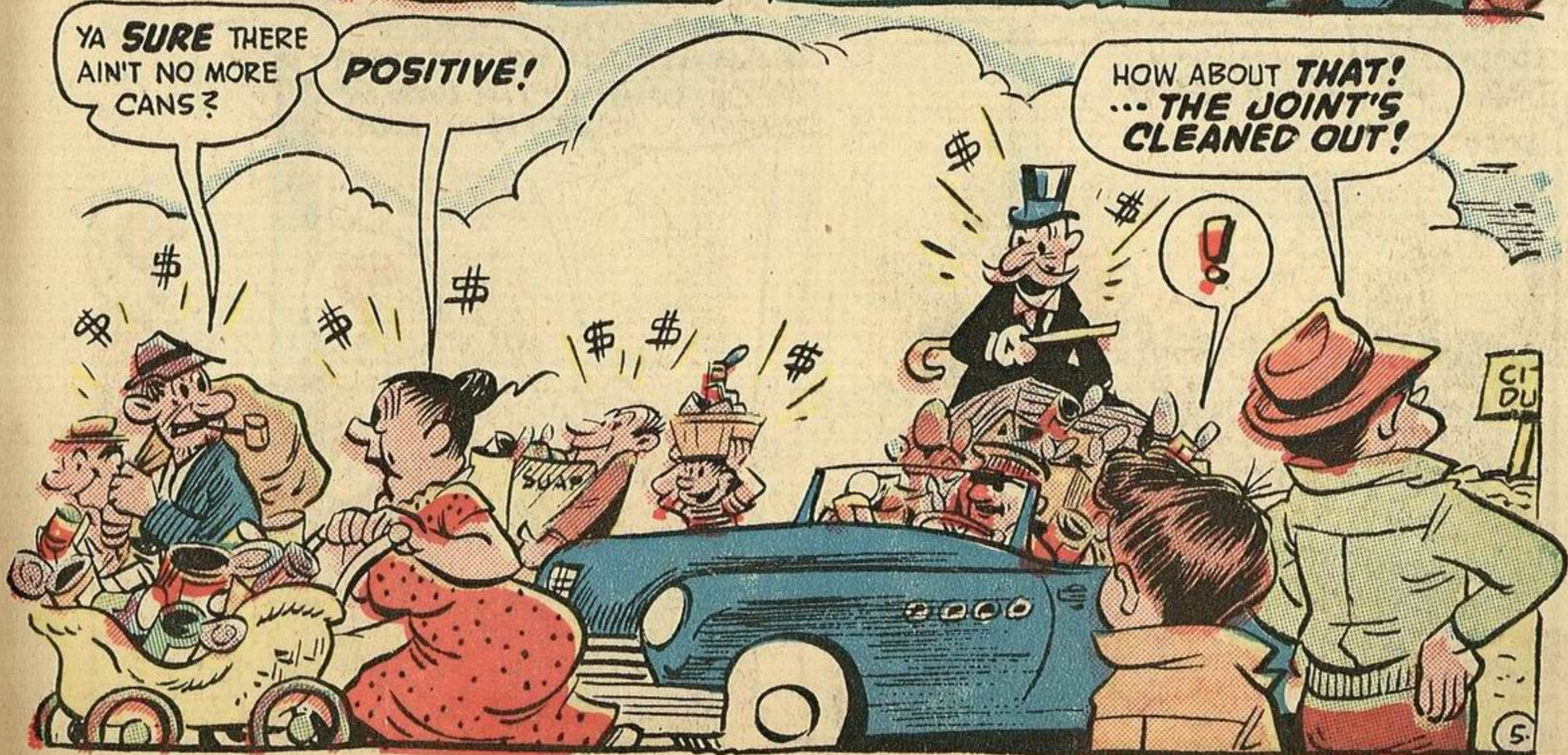
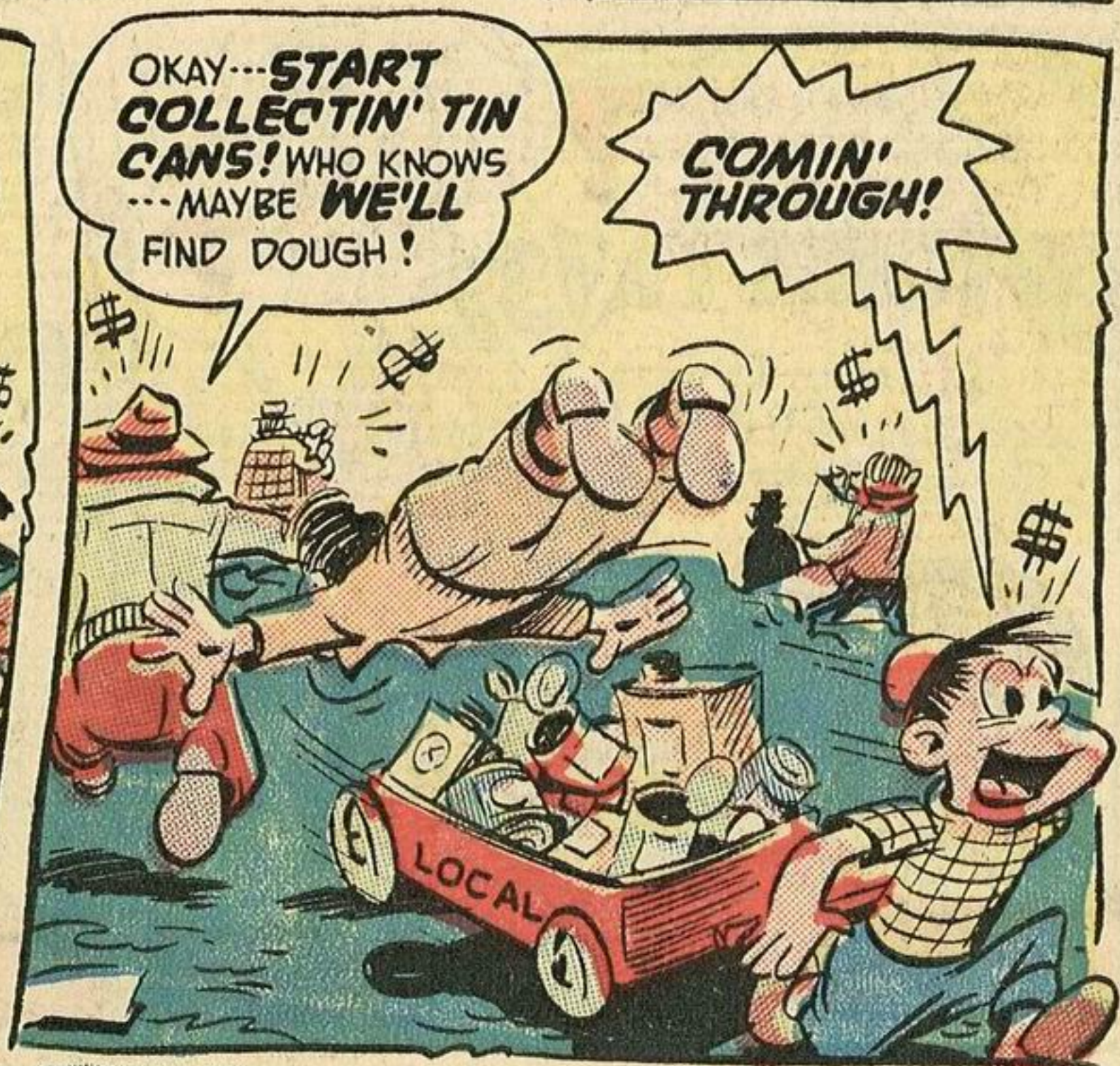
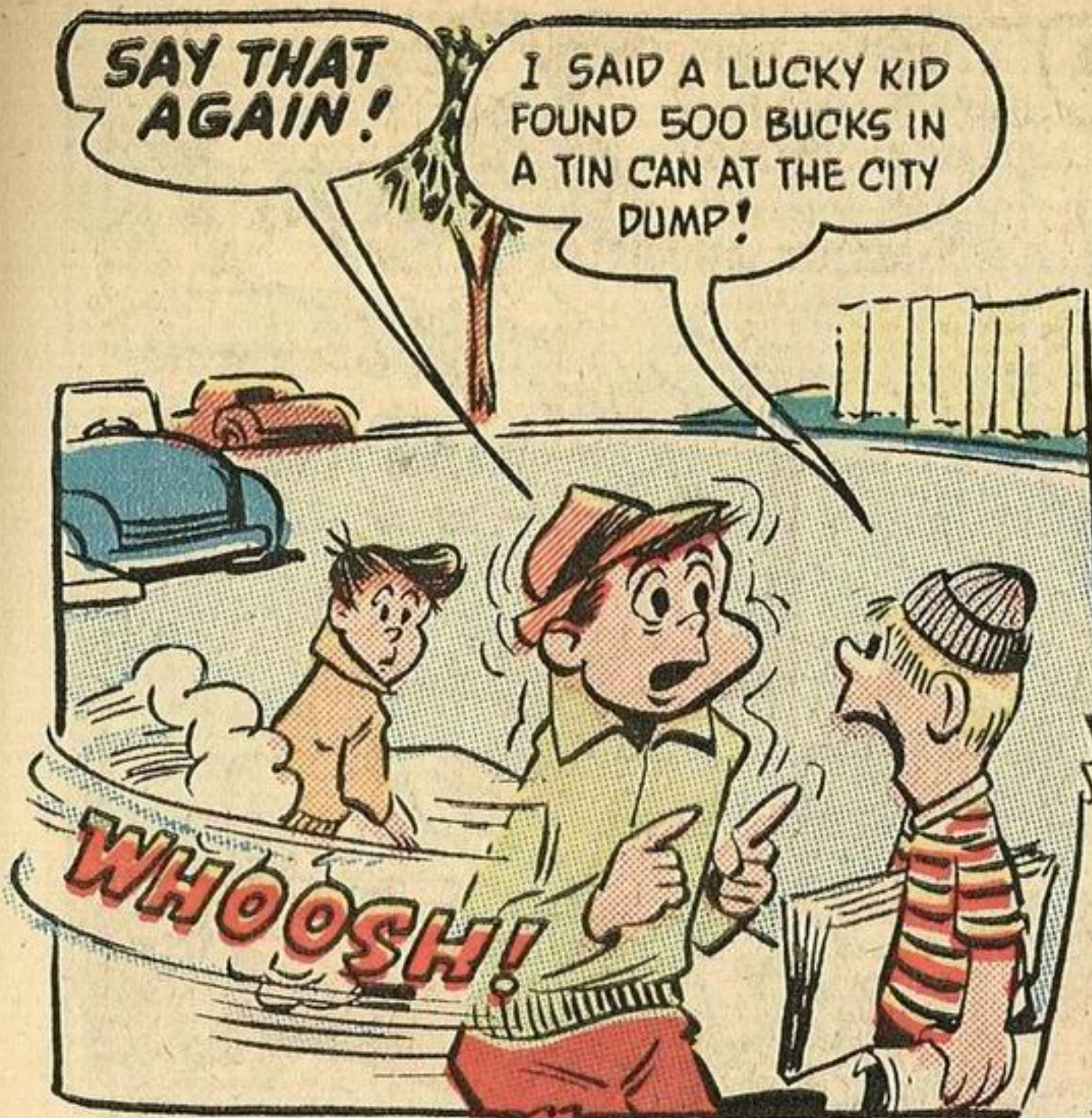


THAT'S WOT I SAID! MY NAME IS
SAM --- NOT **UNCLE SAM!**



**READ ALL ABOUT IT! LUCKY KID
FINDS \$500 IN TIN CAN IN CITY
DUMP!...HERE Y'ARE! WODDEYA
READ?**

UMMM...
LUCKY
KID...



OKAY, SO WE **STILL** GOT OUR PROBLEM! SAM WON'T LET US HAVE THE SUITS UNLESS WE GET THE DOUGH--- **SO WOT DO WE DO NOW?**

UMMM...
LEMMIE
THINK!

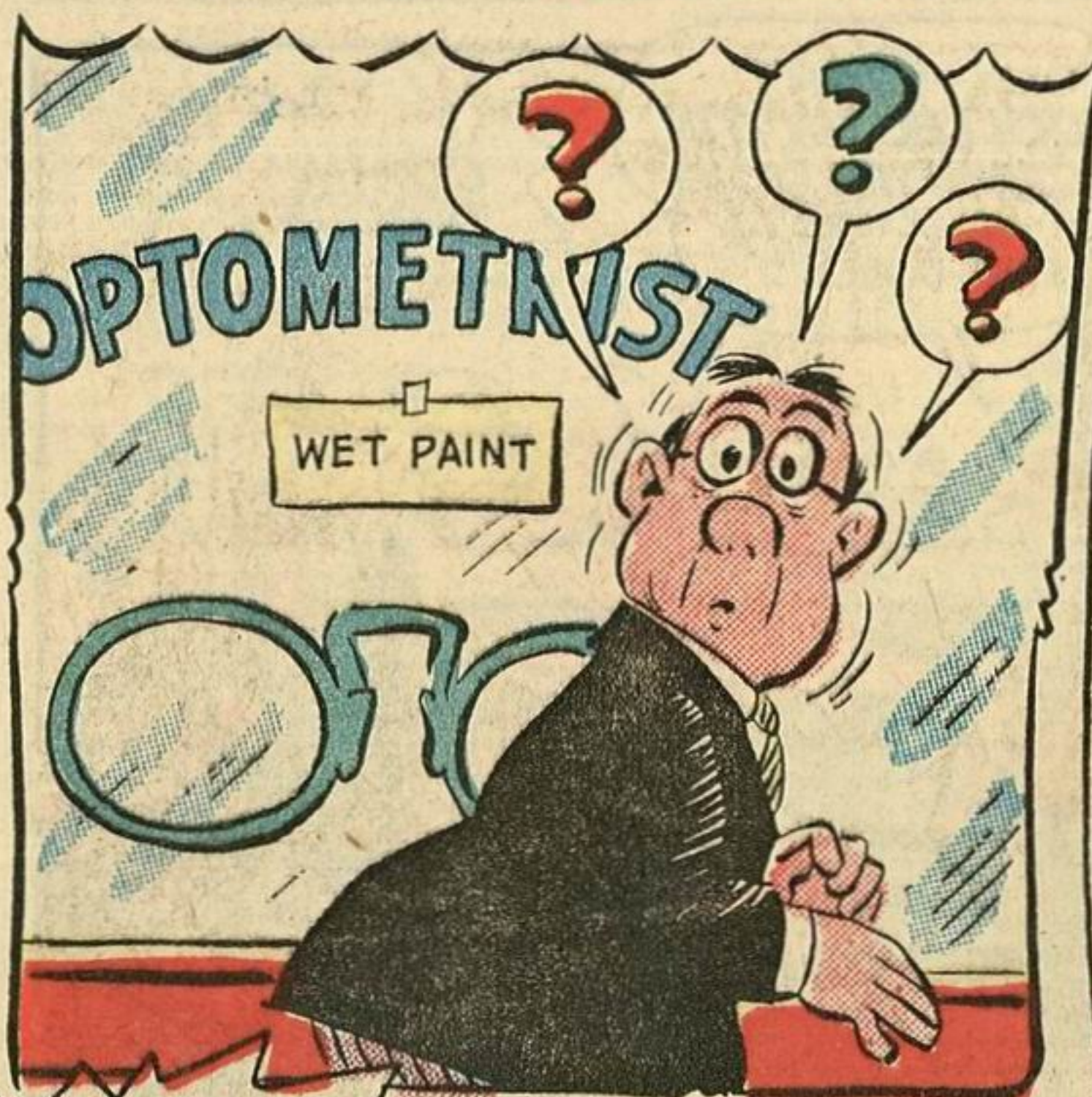
OH, **PLEASE,**
GENTLEMEN...
DON'T
STAND
THERE!

TCH, TCH... THAT GUY SHOULD HAVE **OUR** WORRIES... THEN HE'D **FOR-GET** ABOUT HIS OLD WINDOW!

THERE!

OPTOMETRIST

OPTOMETRIST



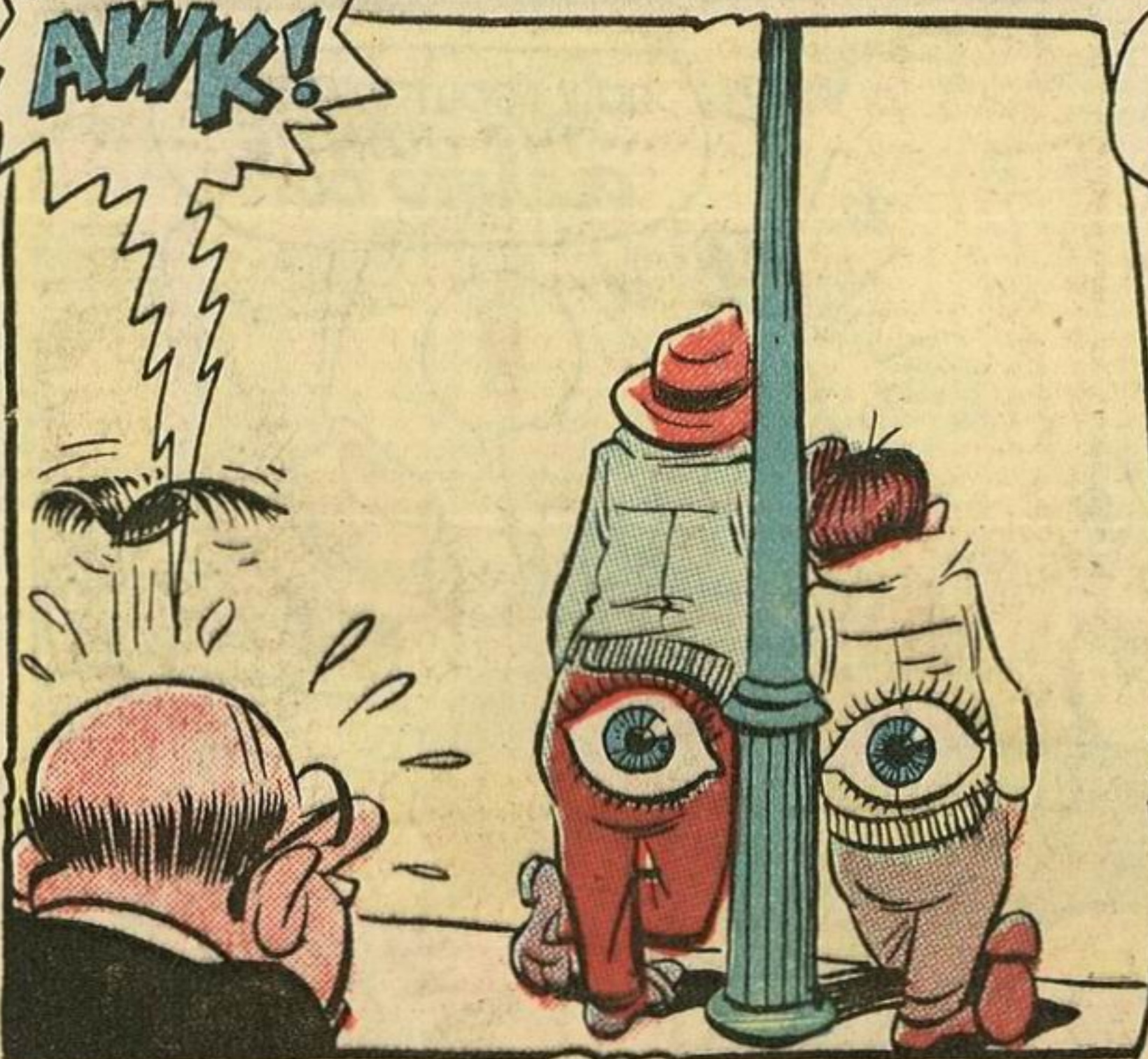
NO... I'M BLIND... I MEAN, IT'S BLIND... THE EYES! THEY WERE JUST PAINTED... BUT WHERE ARE THEY?

OPTOMETRIST

WET PA

AWK!

GENTLEMEN... **PLEASE!** YOU'VE TAKEN THE EYES RIGHT OUT OF MY HEAD... I MEAN, **SIGN!**

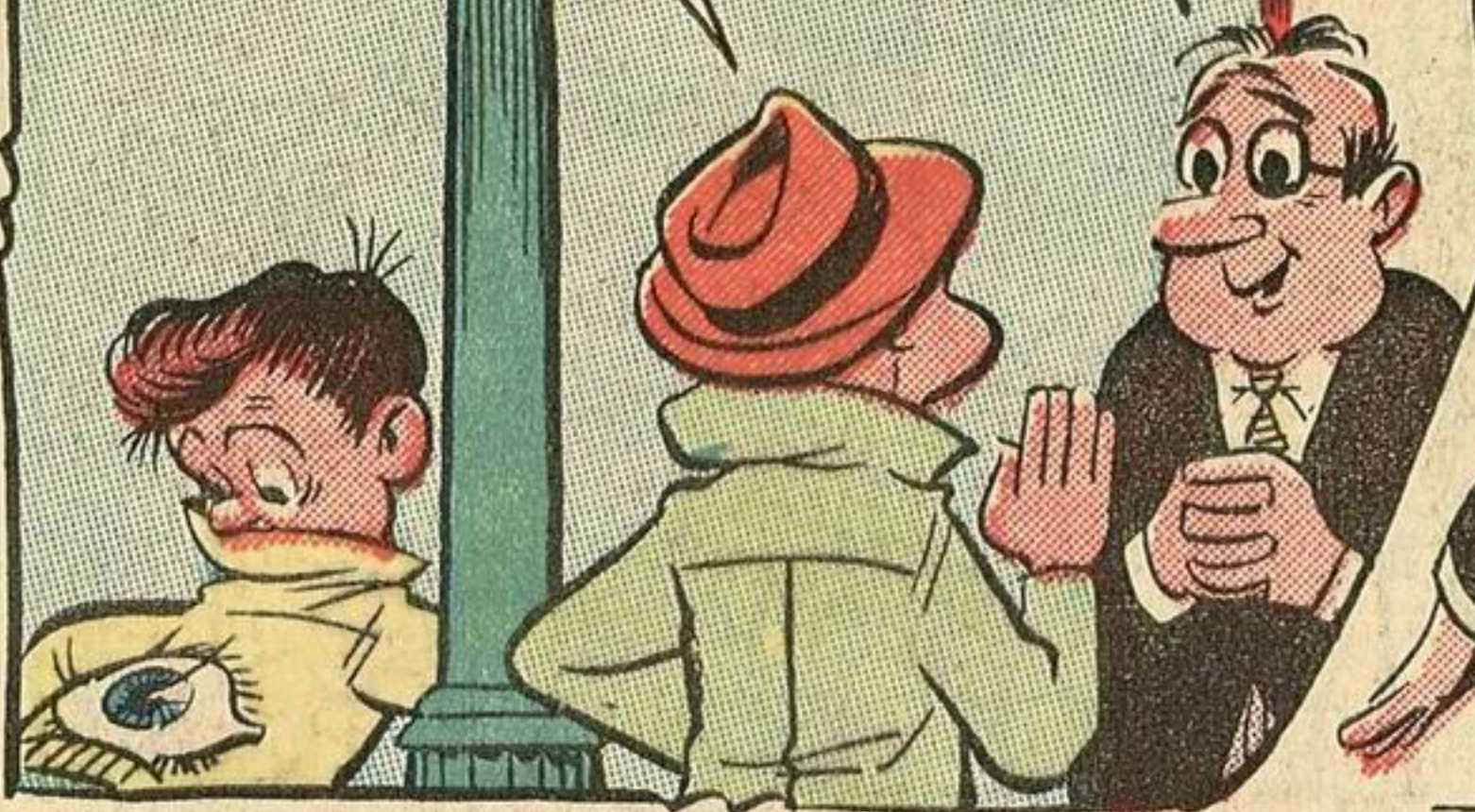


NOW, NOW, MISTER, DON'T GET EXCITED! WE'LL MAKE THIS A CASE OF SOME EYES FOR SOME ICE... **DOUGH**, THAT IS! WHY, WITH YOUR CAPITAL AN' OUR **TALENTS**...

YOU MEAN YOU CAN **PAINT** THE EYES BACK ON MY SIGN FOR ME?

OH, GOODY, **GOODY!** WAIT... I'LL GET THE PAINT!

WELL, COOKIE, THIS IS IT! THE WORST HAS COME TO THE WORST... WE'RE ABOUT TO **WORK** FOR MONEY!

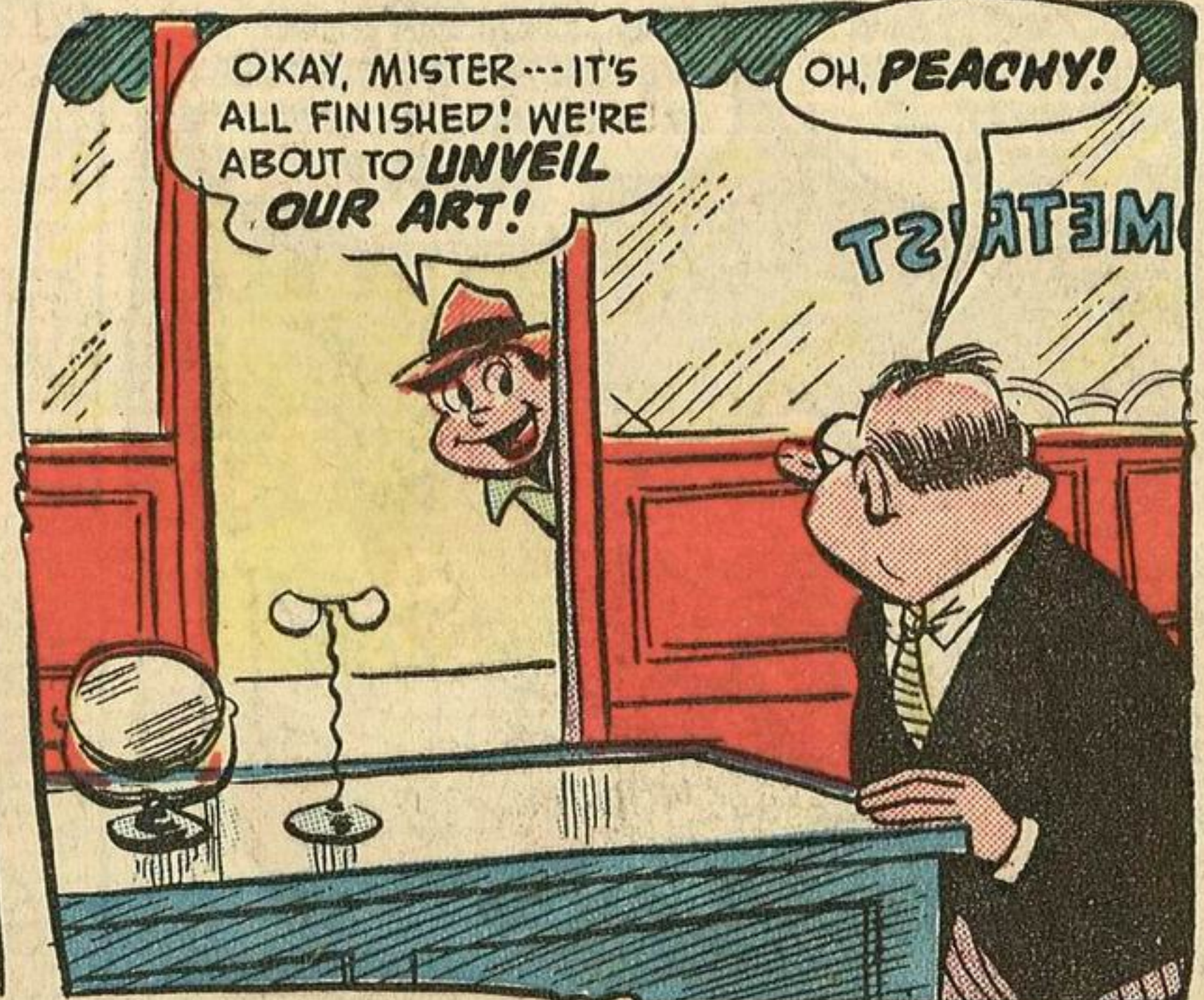


THAT'S IT--- YOU TAKE THAT EYE AN' I'LL TAKE **THIS** ONE! WE'LL BE FINISHED BEFORE YOU CAN BLINK AN **EYE**... **HAH!**



OKAY, MISTER--- IT'S ALL FINISHED! WE'RE ABOUT TO **UNVEIL** OUR ART!

OH, **PEACHY!**



AH-HHHH... I MEAN **AWWWWK!**

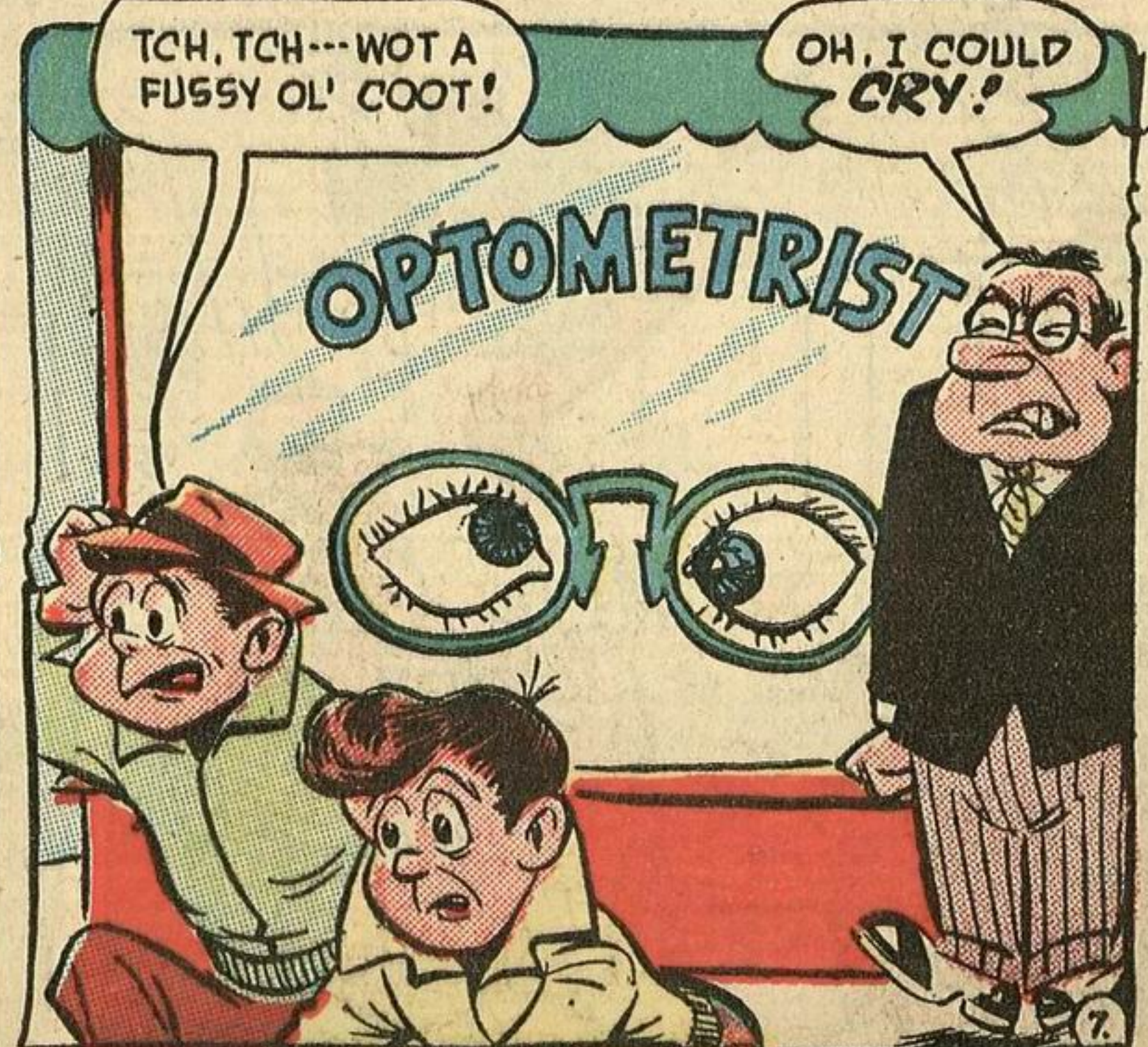
SOMETHIN'?

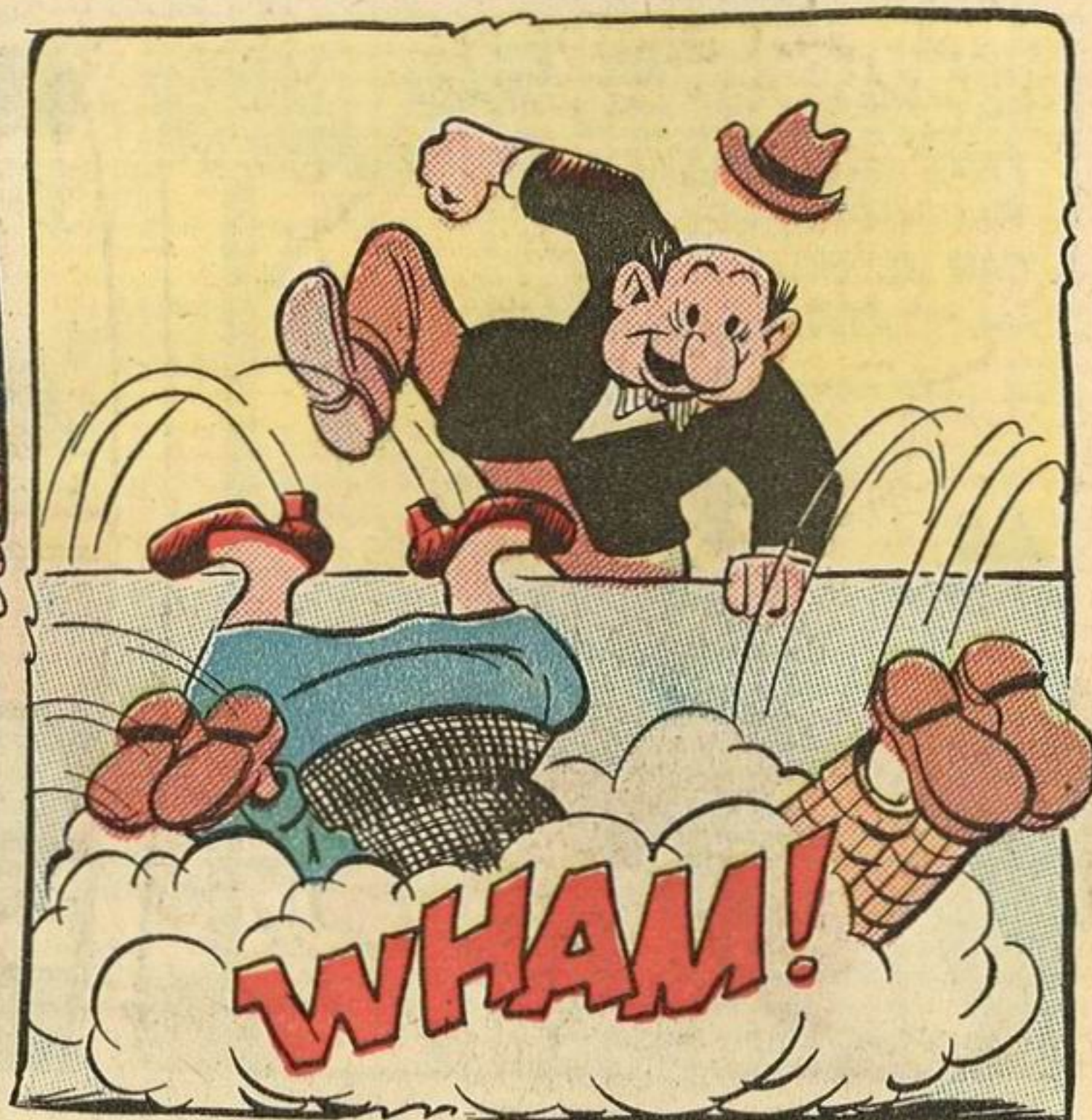


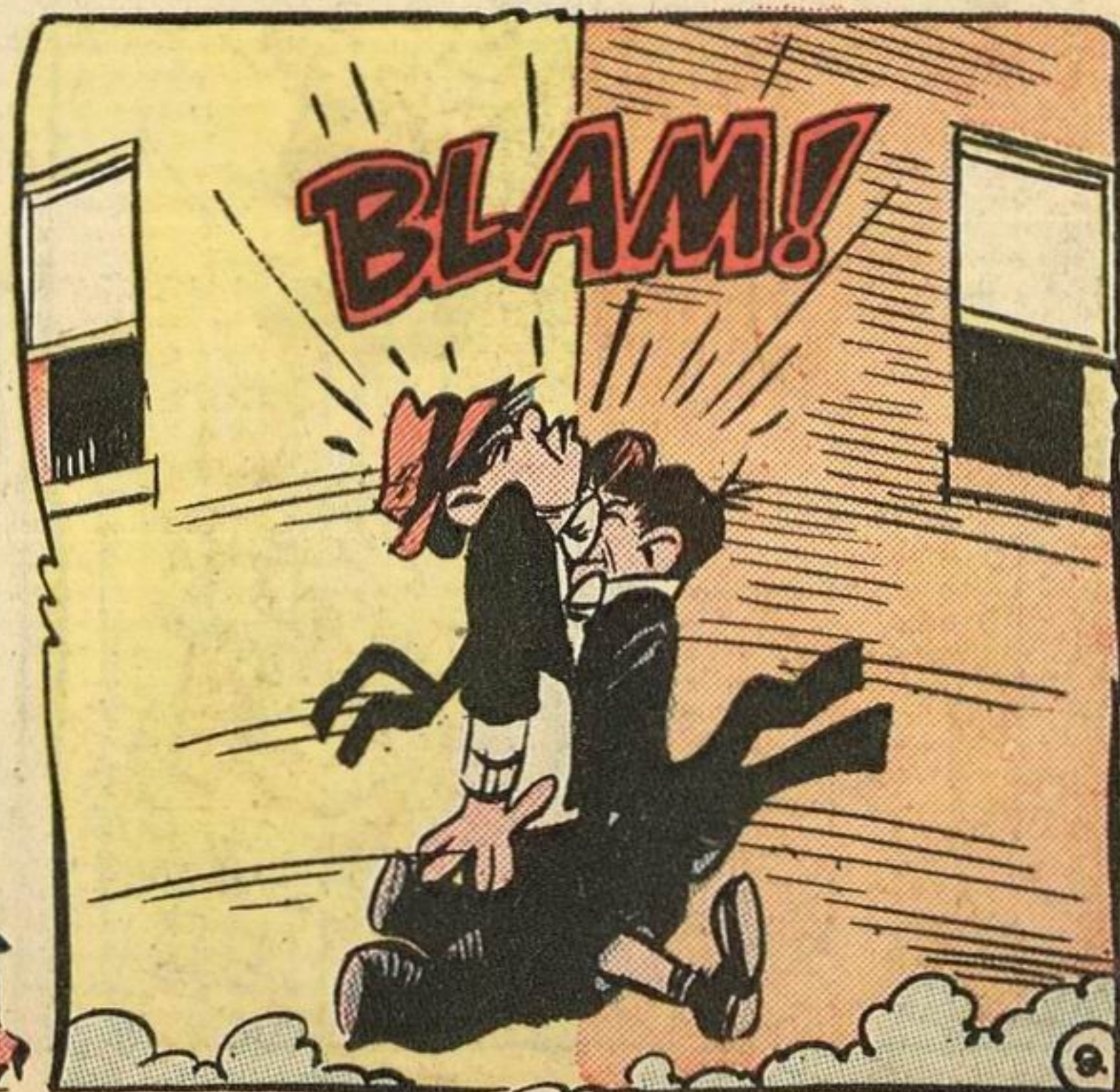
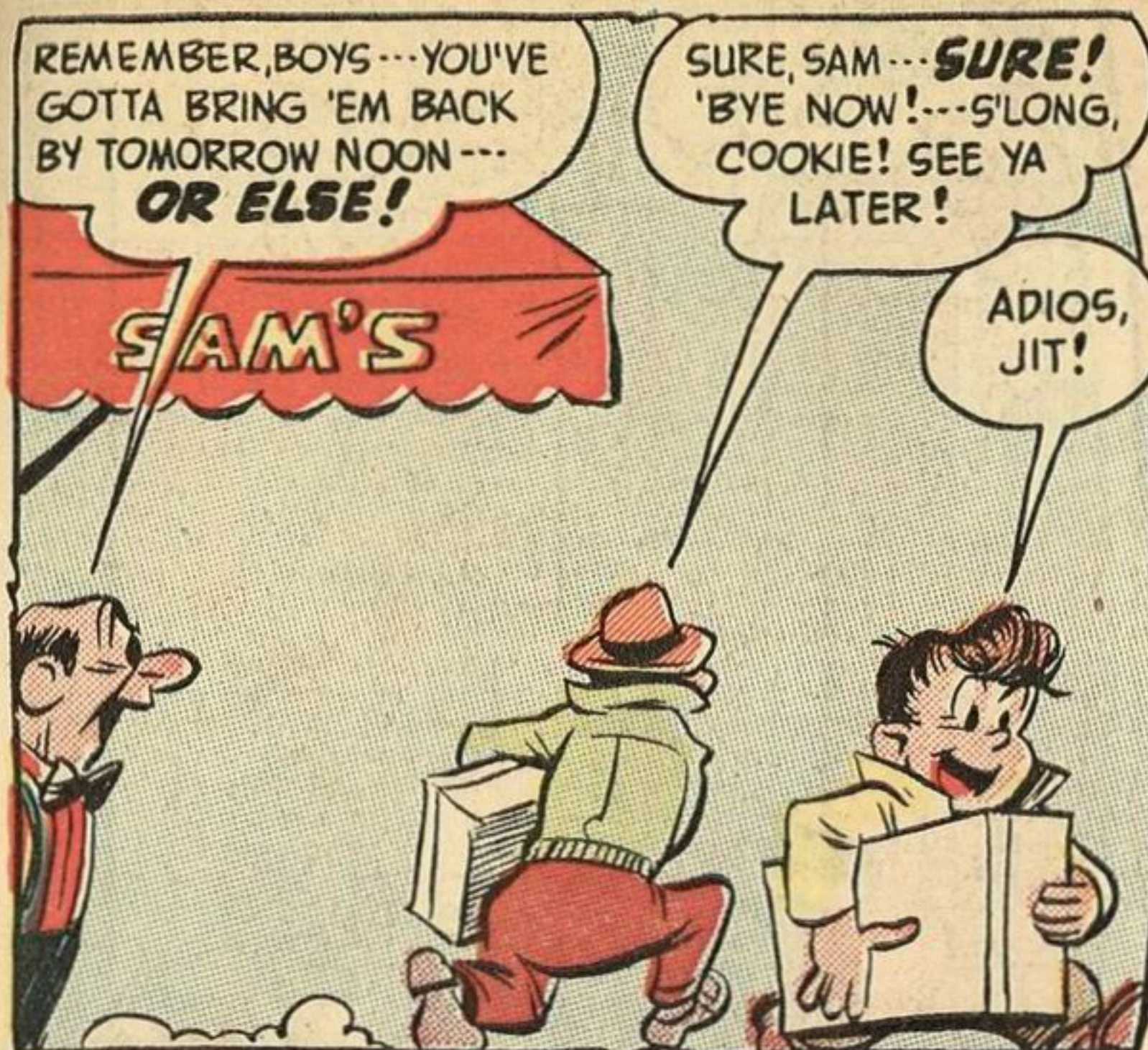
TCH, TCH--- WOT A FUSSY OL' COOT!

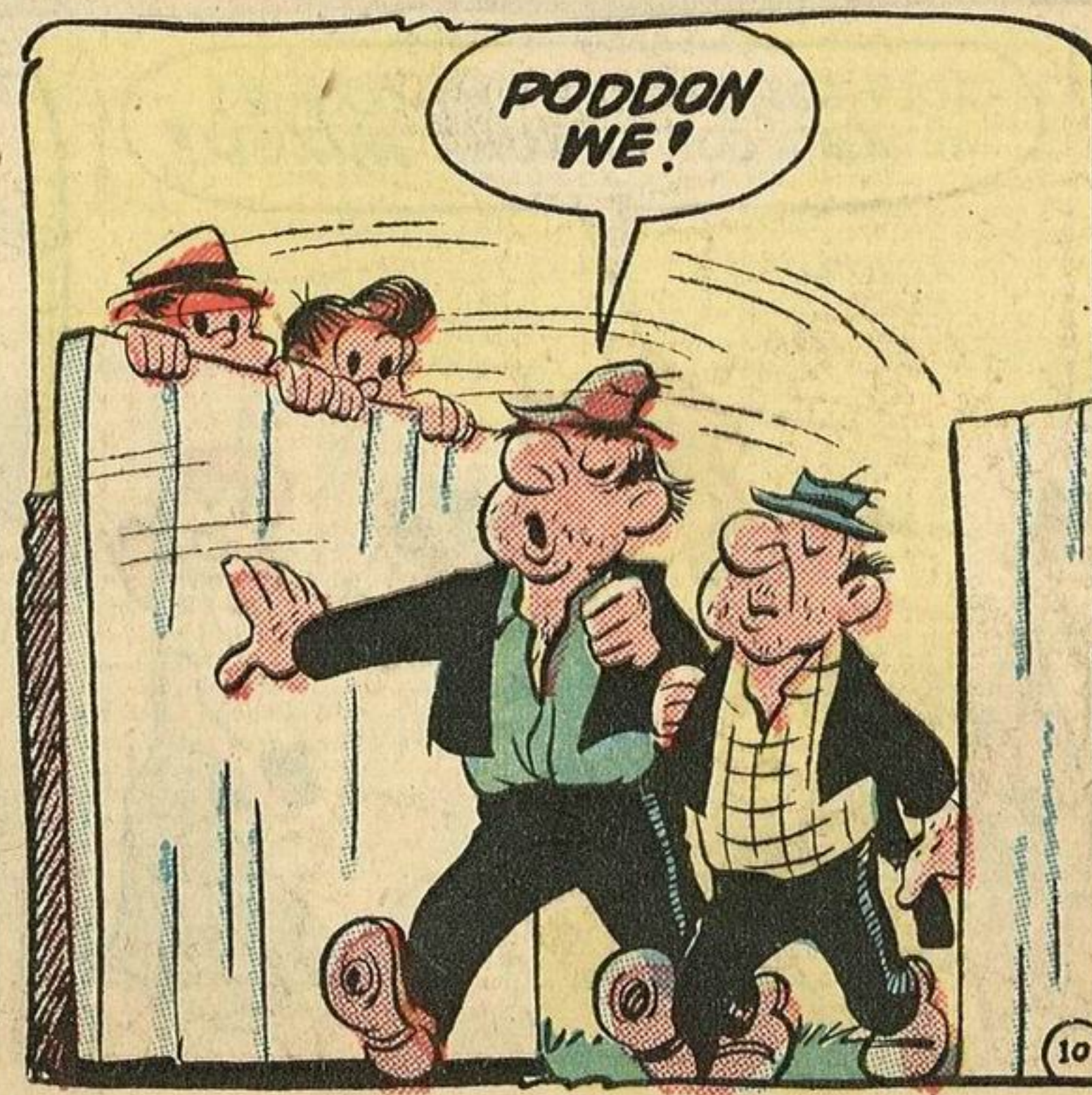
OH, I COULD **CRY!**

OPTOMETRIST











AFTER THEM,
COOKIE! WE GOTTA
GET THEM SUITS BACK
OR ELSE!

THAT'S WHAT
SAM SAID,
HE DID!



OOMPH!

BOMP!



BUT **OFFICER**
... A COUPLA BUMS
STOLE OUR CLOTHES...!

THAT'S A LIKELY
STORY... BUT I DON'T
BELIEVE IT! I THINK YER
JUST A COUPLE **JOOVENILE**
DELINQUENTS, THAT'S
WOT!



**COME
BACK
HERE!**



LOOK... **THE
BUMS' OLD
CLOTHES!**

HEY, DID YOU SEE
A COUPLA KIDS
WITHOUT
PANTS?

NOT
US,
SIR!

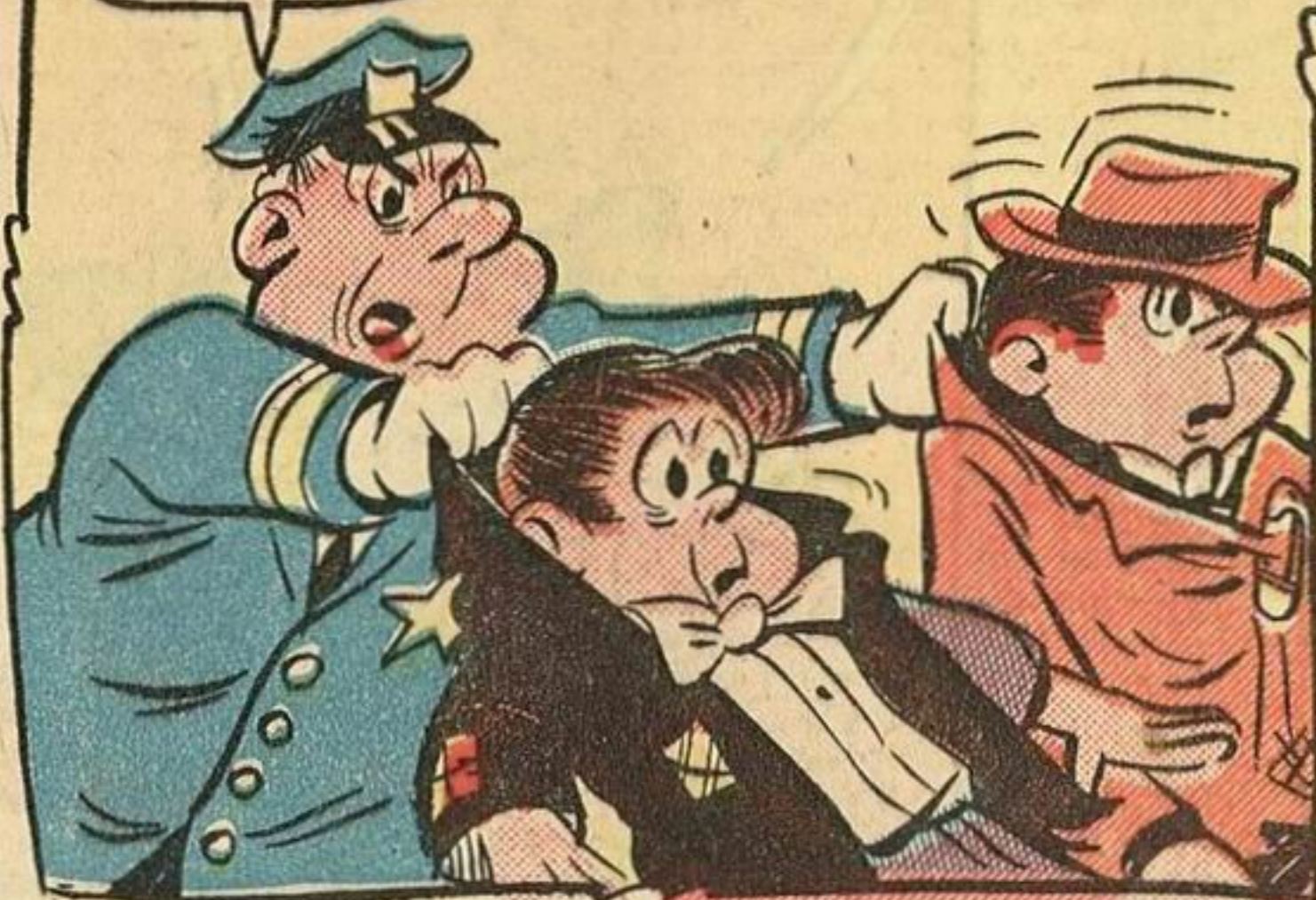
GOT-TA KETCH
...A CHATTA-
NOOGA
CHOO-
CHOO...
DA-DE-DA...



HEY! THEM PANTSLESS KIDS
SAID SOME **BUMS** STOLE THEIR
DUDDS--AN' **THEM** WERE BUMS!



JUST A MINUTE,
GENTLEMEN! BEFORE
YOU CATCH THAT
CHOO-CHOO, I'D
LIKE A **WOID**
WITH YEZ!



BUT LOOK, SIR... WE'RE NOT
REALLY BUMS! IT'S LIKE I
SAID...OUR CLOTHES WERE
SWIPED, AN' WE WERE SUPPOSED
TA GO TA THE **MAYFLOWER**
BALL TONIGHT!

YEAH---ALL
OUR FRIENDS
ARE THERE!

IN **THAT**
CASE, IT
SHOULD
BE EASY TO
PROVE!

PU-LEEZ, POLICEMAN
...NOT LIKE THIS!



LOOK! IT'S
COOKIE AND
JITTERBUCK!

WOW! AN'
LOOKIT THEIR
COSTUMES!
HA-HA!

I GUESS YOUSE KIDS WERE TELLIN'
THE **TRUTH**, AWRIGHT! I'M VERY
SORRY, I AM!

WOT
THE...!

A
MASQUERADE!



THE VERY NEXT DAY...

HI, GANG!
I JUST GOT MY
ALLOWANCE...
WHO WANTS
A COKE?

AN' YA MEAN
TA SAY YA DIDN'T
NEED THE MONKEY
SUITS **AFTER
ALL?**

NAW... ZOOT
THOUGHT HE WAS
PULLIN' A FAST
ONE... BUT AS IT
TURNED OUT, WE
NOT ONLY HAD
FUN... BUT...

...WE ALSO WON
A **CASH PRIZE**
FOR HAVING **THE
FUNNIEST
COSTUMES!**
...**LOOK!**

HOW ABOUT
THAT!
HAW-HAW!



SO INSTEAD OF HAVIN' A COKE ON
YOU, SON, WE SHALL AMBLE DOWN TO
BOZO'S BEANERY AN' HAVE A STEAK,
FRENCH FRIES AN' PIE... ON **ME**,
OF COURSE!

GEE,
SWELL!



AHEM!

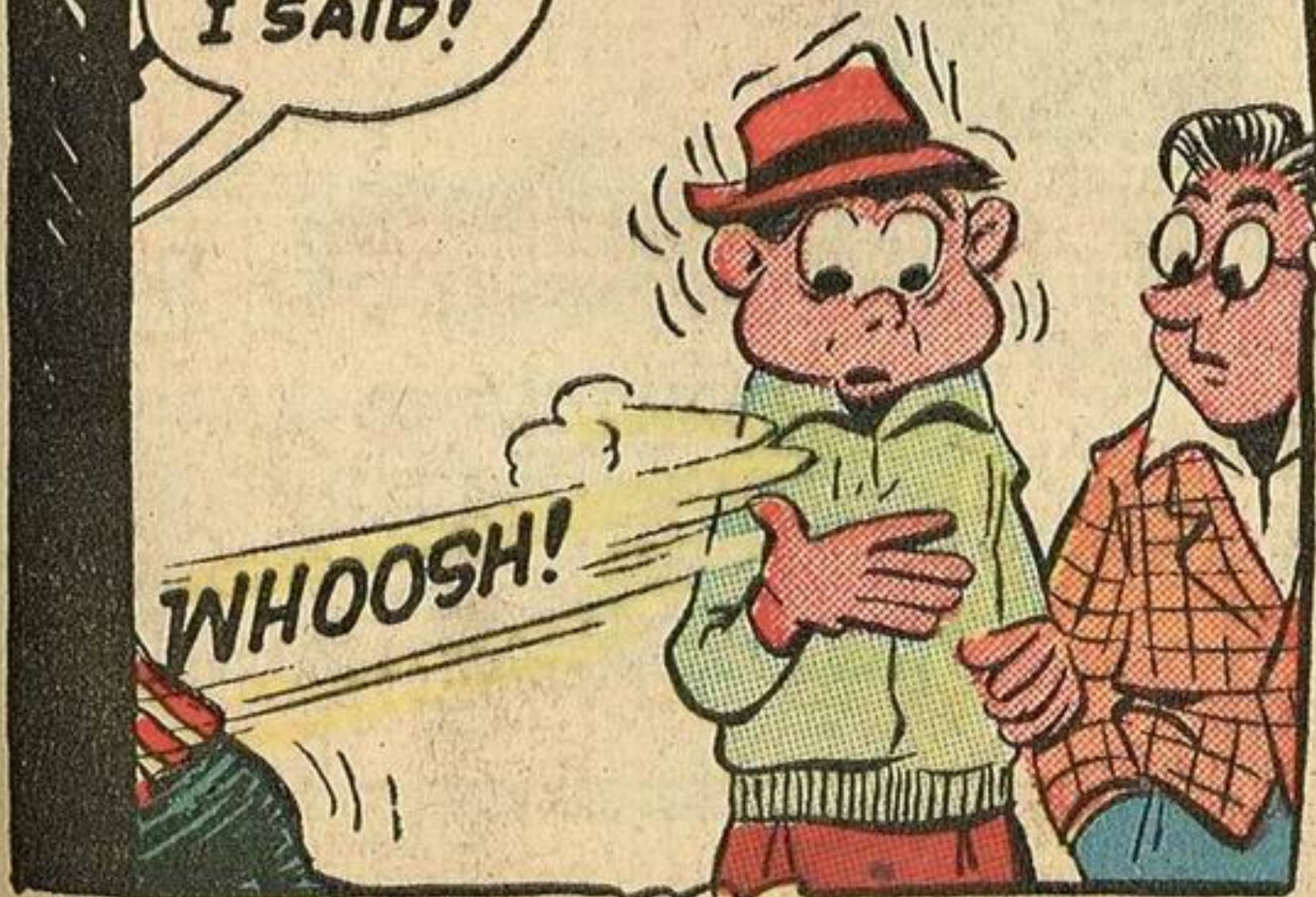
SAM'S



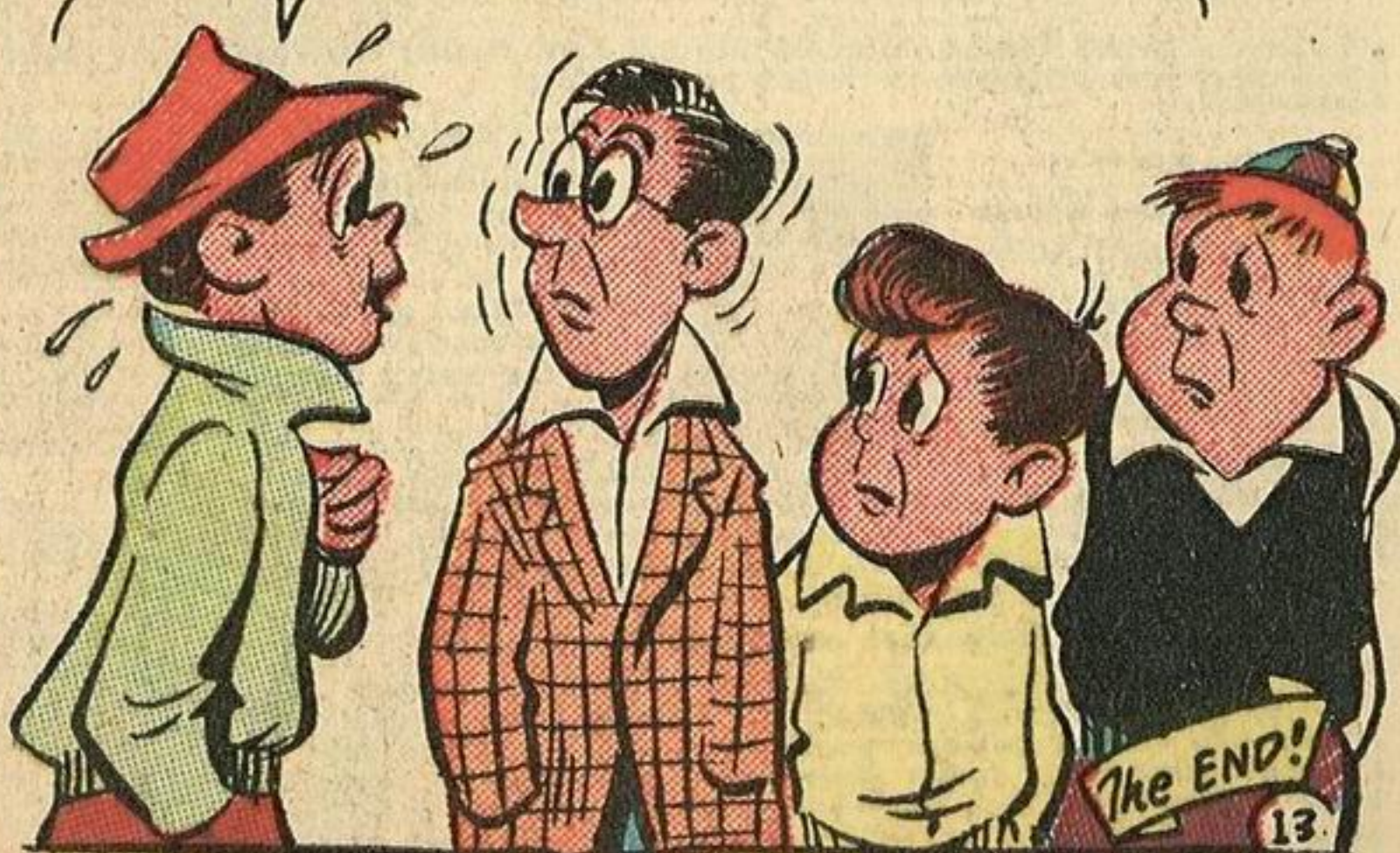
SAM'S

**SUITS
OR ELSE,
I SAID!**

WHOOSH!



ER... WOT WERE YOU
SAYIN' ABOUT A
COKE, PAL?



Let's Go, Pal!
I'll prove I can make you

"ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST - or it won't cost you a cent—
says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

"The Jowett System
is the greatest in the
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Kelly, Physical Di-
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CHANGE**
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DARLING, THAT
BULLY WON'T
PICK ON YOU
AGAIN.



JOE WALLOPPED ANOTHER
HOMER! HE'S
SURE TO BE
CAPTAIN NOW!



JOE YOUR NEW ENERGY
AND APPEARANCE
SURE DO A GOOD JOB!
YOU EARNED YOUR
PROMOTION.

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Give me 10 Easy Minutes a
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10 DAY TRIAL!

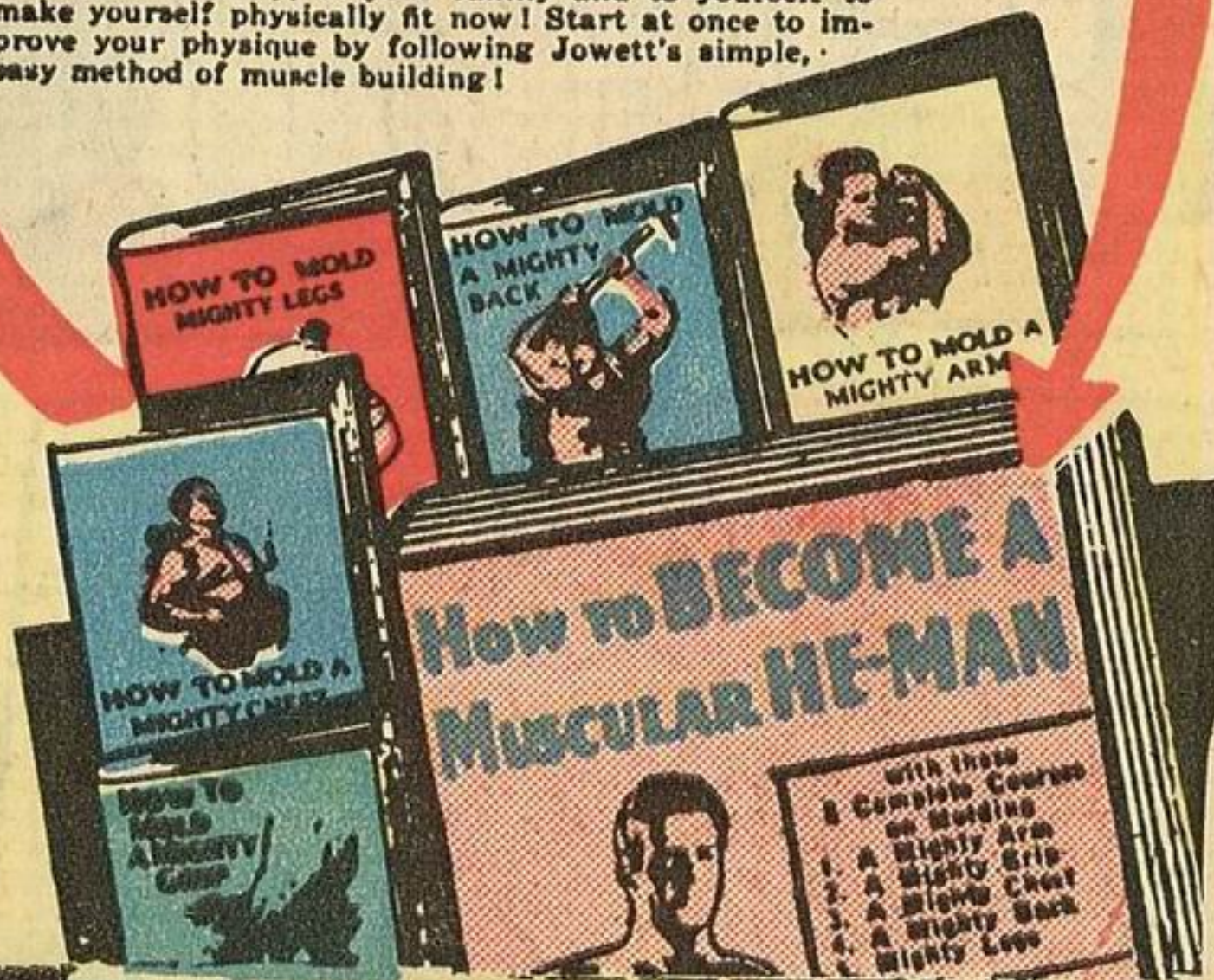
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Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want* to!

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Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

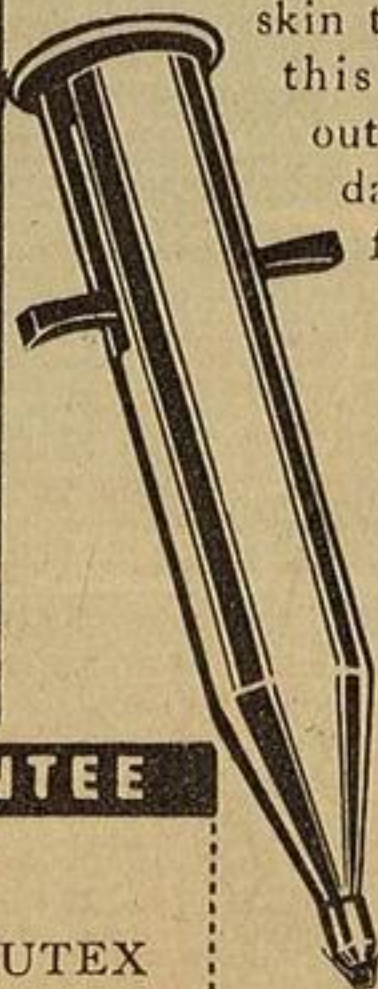


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